ATKINSON'S EVENING PO[illegible]
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. *Philadelphia, March 30, 1839.*

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

TO CHILDREN.

BY J. W. SPRAGUE.

Mr. Editor.—In your paper of the 16th inst. you have an article from the Gentleman's Magazine, entitled "Innocence," signed "Cincinnatus." A stanza in that poll contains the following sentiment:

O, such not for beauty, 'tis vanity all
That rivalled before on this earthly ball
No beauty in nature substantial and true,
In the maze on their dreams, or the brow'rly blue,
O! such not for beauty on this fleeting earth,
To sorrow and sickness is only given birth.

The ocean in anonning billows may roll,
Nor have in the distance at bounds other I,
Its foam crested waves may be gay to the sight
And if one in the sunbeam with sparkling delight,
Yet of the spirits wage war in the deep,
Destruction and Horror their mighty keep.

The mountains, the pyramids nature has raised,
On whose lofty summits we what have gazed
Whose form is terrific, and awful their brow,
When we stood in their grandeur from Atlas till now,
They're grand, they are heavy, but beauty have not
Silence and solitude crowneth their lot.

Yet think not the bright eyes of daughters of man,
More beautiful are than hill side or glen,
Think not that the smiles which illumine their cheeks,
Of beauty breathing delightedly speaks,
O! beware of that smile, 'tis deceitful, untrue,
For sometimes over those bright eyes o'er have.
Yet grieve not, that beauty is not to be found,
The graces of talent may ever abound;
Thy eyes as one soaring can give thee delight
For higher than night that here pleasure the sight,
Content then, content thee, with that brighter home
Nor seek than for pleasures which vanish so soon.

Philadelphia, March, 1839.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE RESCUED.

A TALE OF THE FLORIDA WAR.

It was on a pleasant evening in October, when the stout hearts of a certain section of Florida were assembled according to appointment at the dwelling of Captain Stewart. He had served in the revolutionary war, and had passed with seventy colleague years. In his early life while enlisted against the Indians, he had been noted for activity and courage; and now, when tales of war were related to him—when he heard of the mother and child at once butchered, while the husband was preserved to undergo a more painful fate—he was again endued with the mingle and ardor of youth.

The Indians were at this time in a state of hostility; and their present warfare was still characterized with cunning and cruelty.

They happently had plighted their faith; and suddenly attacking the whites, either at once cut them down or subjected their unprepared victims. The people on the frontiers had now become thoroughly convinced that the best and only course to pursue would be retaliation, and the keeping of a strict and constant guard, should the Indians be discovered entering the territory of the settlers.

Rude and temporary forts had been erected, and measures concerted for speedily forming the inhabitants into a defensive or offensive state, whenever necessity should require. There had already been several rencontres in the neighborhood between the whites and the Indians, and much danger was apprehended. No one would venture any distance from home without a gun or some other weapon; and it was with hesitation and hazard the people came to the meeting before mentioned. Its design was partly to talk of some common means of defence, and partly to spend a social evening with Captain Stewart. The particular business of the meeting being concluded, Captain Stewart was requested to recount some of the adventures of his younger days. The request was readily acquiesced in, for he delighted so much to be excelled in telling his former exploits and escapes. Their attention was quickly engaged in the narration of the Indian wars in the period of the revolution and the part he had taken in them.—They eagerly listened, while hour after hour rolled on, and none seemed willing to depart. Their minds were fired with revenge as they heard of the bloody deeds of the savage; and they longed for an opportunity of meeting foes and avenging the death of their sires. All was as still as the grave, except the plaintive voice of the old man as it rehearsed in solemn accents the dark actions unknown to any surviving besides himself. Occasionally, also, a sigh and a gritting of the teeth would discover their inward emotions. A distant whistle sounded for a moment; it was again louder and louder, till the yell of the savages startled them as though a train of lightning had shot through the room. They for a moment eyed one another in suspense, and then instinctively rushed to their fire-arms. Each carefully examined his piece to see if it were well loaded—and again they stood horror-stricken, but in less fear than suspense.—Captain Stewart at this was roused; his eye, though bimmed by age, now gleamed like a tiger's, and springing through the door, he cried "Follow me." He was promptly obeyed by all but a few whom he had ordered to remain at the house to defend it in case of attack. He exhorted his men to be of good cheer, and to confide in him as a leader and in themselves as a full match for the Indians; at the same time bounding fleetly and silently along; he posted his men behind trees and logs, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

In a few moments a female, whom they supposed to be a squaw from her appearance, was seen making all haste toward them. It was evident that she had been running long and was extremely tired. Her face was swollen, her eyes seemed ready to gush from their sockets, and she gasped like a dying person. She continued on, and was almost past, when a party of Seminoles were seen pursuing at full speed. The men, whose brightly and the settlers were expert shooters and consequently if not discovered would possess a great advantage. Their own party numbered fifteen, and the red-men about twenty-five. They concealed behind their coverings in awful silence, knowing that to be discovered might be fatal to many. The savages were now opposite to them, and presented an excellent mark. Every man was prepared and waited the signal—Captain Stewart fired; and down tumbled the chief—groaned and died. The sons of the wood halted, looked widely around, and the next moment were themselves laid I w with their leader.

The few who remained where[illegible] precipitation, and with words threatening a horrid revenge, darted through the trees in the same direction as they had approached. The female when she perceived that friends were so near, had sunk immediately to the ground. She was, of course, the first object that claimed their attention after the battle. They could now easily distinguish her as a white, though it was impossible to tell whether dead or alive. There was a stream running near, however, and her head being bathed with its water, the spark of life could be perceived to be not quite extinct. Still death clenched her with an iron hold.

The contest was long and doubtful. At length she revived, and so rapidly gained strength, that being supported by a person on each side, she was able to walk. In the mean time the Indians who had fallen were examined, and proved to be the same who had long infested that region of country, and had been extremely obnoxious to the inhabitants. Tuckeye was their leader—a gigantic and hideous monster, famed for his cruelty and all the qualities which constitute a good Indian warrior. When they were satisfied that each body was really dead, and that it was not a feinte made, as is the custom often of the savages to escape destruction, they deposited the corpses in the trunk of a large, hollow tree, a few rods distant, intending to bury them in the morning. They then returned toward the house. They had not proceeded far, when the report of a gun which seemed to originate at or near the house was heard, and immediately was followed by a rapid succession of discharges, together with the shouts of those either urging on an assault or repelling one. Captain Stewart and his party made all haste toward the scene of action, signifying their approach in the hope of frightening the enemy and invigorating their companions. But the former were not so easily intimidated, and it was a considerable time before the united forces were able to drive them off. Finally, however, the Indians gave way and were pursued by a circuitous route to the wood before mentioned, with the loss of many of their brethren. The whites then stopped and retraced their journey home, deeming it inexpedient to continue the chase. Sentinels were set, for the remainder of the night, a new council was convened, additional measures were taken and great preparations were resolved upon.

In the meantime the stranger had been taken into another room, washed, clothed in a civilized dress, and rendered comfortable. As she was about to give her history, according to a statement of the whole company—the chief, if a person so aided could be called Dennis Stewart. The old man looked her steadily in the face, and the next moment was hugging her within his arms. She was a darling grand-daughter upon whom he had doted, and who had disappeared several years before—for father and mother both had been left in infancy, and she had been constituted to her grandfather as a father. The sudden sphere of almost turned his brain; but time in a great degree wore off its effects, and he firmly believed his daughter dead. Some contributed to the feelings, but by most it was thought she had been drowned in a rapid river that ran a short distance from the house. And now by her sudden return he was distracted for a short time with joy almost as much as before he had been with grief. After all were composed she commenced her tale anew. She had ventured too or three miles into the forest to gather berries, unconscious of the danger to which she was exposed. The sun was scarcely an hour high and there was every appearance of a storm when the first thought of returning. The clouds grew thick and lowering, and at length she could hardly see to make her way through the thickets that became more and more impassable as she proceeded. The rain too came on with extraordinary violence; and the vivid lightning as it flashed across the heavens only increased the interesting darkness and augmented her despondency. At last wearied, she sunk down under a wide spreading oak and fell asleep. When she awoke in the morning she resumed her journey, but continually advanced farther from home. She was about noon met by a band of Indians who carried her a great way into the interior. At first she was treated with much barbarity, but afterward the son of a neighboring chief seeing her was enamored with her beauty and carried her to his village, where on account of his influence she met with kindness and respect. She agreed to marry him after a few years had elapsed; to which he assented.

Year succeeded year and yet no opportunity of escape was presented. Although in a very short time she had become initiated into the manners and customs of the Indians, still there was a hankering in her bosom after civilization, and absence but heightened the affection toward her friends.—It was a hazy evening in October, when fatigued with the labors of a day spent in picking berries, she strolled out a little way from the village and sat exhausted and feverish upon a log. The moon shed a partial light over the surrounding scene, and here and there a star seemed to struggle for existence. A dead silence prevailed, save when at times a gently rushing wind would stir up the leaves. A dark forest lay beneath at her back and stretching its gloomy arms on either side, edged the distant horizon in front. Her mind impelled by such a scene and such a situation naturally turned with powerful energy to the recollection of home and its long lost pleasures. "Perhaps my aged father now lies in the grave, having been overcome with grief for his lost child; or is a mangled victim of a red man's cruelty; or may he now writhing in the stake." Strong to mediums with such reflections she had almost resolved to destroy herself and involve as many of her father's and so of her enemies as possible in the same destruction. Every avenue to hope had been closed. She buried her face within her lap and gave way to a flood of tears. A sound of joy aroused her from the lethargy into which she had sunk. She turned her head and thought she heard but could perceive no one. The moon was now just disappearing behind the mountain trees that reared their lofty crests to the clouds, and old Night was fast spreading his black mantle over the earth. Again a sound broke forth, and now she faintly descried a band of warriors frantic with ecstacy approaching. A fattered equipe of clubs burn and noble plume was the result of an assault upon the white settlements. The party arrived at the village and was soon greeted by the inmates. The war drum was beat; the war song sung, and the war dance danced around the prisoner. The stake was set and the faggots were heaped high around it. The torch was ready and the victim ascended. No feeling of fear or dismay even now crept over his stern features, but while the fiendish yells of the savage rent the sky, he calmly prayed, and trusted to his God. The parched fuel was about to mount into a blaze when a serious appeared. She stood and she threatened. The chief as he gazed upon her lovely countenance, as he saw the tear-drops roll down her exquisite form was melted by her loveliness and alarmed by her sincerity. His commanding voice quelled the storming fury of the savages and the captive was rescued from the jaws of death. The time appointed for a council between the chief and the white girl was drawing nigh, and the necessity of flight was urgent. A plan with the captive was arranged, which she was enabled by her address and favor to put into operation. They were just entering the wood that reached almost to Captain Stewart's house, when a band of pursuing Seminoles were seen coming from another wood about a mile distant. They themselves were also observed. The settler pointed the way to the nearest house and told her to run for her life. He himself bounded off in another direction in the hope of diverting the Indians. But the savages divided, and each exclusively followed one of the whites. The settler with the most consummate skill foiled his enemies. After having lost his track the Indians attacked Captain Stewart's house suspecting he had fled there for refuge; and hence originated the two parties, and the events related in the former part of the tale, and thus the rescued proved again the rescuer. Fervent thanks were returned to Providence, and the night spent in talk till the eastern heavens were streaked with red. The bodies of the fallen Indians were buried, and then each family musing and full of wonder returned to its home. If any of my gentle reader should happen ever to pass through that part of the country, the good old veterans, both men and women, will delight to recount to him the history of that night, and no doubt they will also tell how the gallant hero and heroine being joined in matrimony, now live in comfort and plenty, the parents of a ruddy little stock—the image of its sire and grandsire, and here the hoary head and tottering steps of the Revolutionary officer are supported by his loving and faithful progeny. R. N.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE EXECUTION.

They came in measured and mournful tread,
To the beat of the muffled drum,
And the martial look of the soldier fled,
At the sight of the gliding gun.
Not a breath disturb'd that solemn array,
But in listless pace they mov'd,
With their arms reverse'd, as warriors pay
For the good and brave, whom they lov'd.
'Twas the hour of twilight,—the western sky
Was streaming with purple and gold,
The sportive wing of night-bird on high,
Aurora's departure thus told:
As faint as the touch of a dream's soft spell,
The objects yet lingerd around,
The trees, and hill, and dark shaded dell
And the slope of the green-grown ground.
But that drum note sank like lead to my breast,
And I shrunk from the answering step,
For they led the young to his final rest,—
Thus doomed the bright earth to forget.
A smile gilded up his marble-like face,
As he looked on the heavens high dome;
His spirit was here, composing in grace,
Yet yet from the clay it had flown.
Now they halt their march, his death to prepare,
And a here stood up to die;
By fear unintimay'd, he had his breast bare,
And fervent lit up his dark eye.
No cov'ring shut the sad scene from his view,
So fraught with the feelings of dread,
But boldly he gaz'd, and sigh'd an adieu,
Then fell mid the ranks of the dead. Iron.

A SINGULAR FACT.—A British Captain at the battle of the Nile was giving an order from the quarter deck of his vessel, when a shot struck him in the head, depriving him instantaneously of sense and speech. Surviving, however, he was taken home and remained in the Greenwich Hospital fifteen months. At the end of that period, during which he had exhibited no signs of intelligence, an operation was performed upon him by a skilful surgeon, that in a moment restored him to his faculties. He immediately rose in his bed, and completed the order.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE CRAYON PAPERS.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker:

Sir: I have observed that as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of pleasure of the mind, doubtless occasioned by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain.—Hence he is apt to become narrative and discursive—that is to say, fond of telling long stories, and of dealing out advice to the small fry and great sans-culottes of his friends. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more emphatically speaking, the "boss," of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom and experience upon the world at large, I have always sought to ward off this catastrophe of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers musings, relative upon the patience of the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious for anything that requires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some quiet nook of literature, where I might, as it were, tell at my ease to my elbow chair, and that notably with the public, on with an old friend, and on any chosen subject that might pop into my brain.

In looking around, for this purpose upon the various excellent periodicals with which our country abounds, my eye was struck by the title of your work—"THE KNICKERBOCKER." My heart leaped at the sight.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, Sir, was one of my earliest and most valued friends, and the recollection of him is associated with some of the pleasantest scenes of my youthful days. To explain this, and to show how I came into possession of sundry of his posthumous works, which I have from time to time given to the world, permit me to relate a few particulars of our early intercourse. I give them with the more confidence, as I know the interest you take in that departed worthy, whose name and effigy are stamped upon your title-page, and who has been so much honoured by the kind understanding and relishing divers communications I may have to make to you.

My first acquaintance with that great and good man—for such I may venture to call him, now that the lapse of some thirty years has shrouded his name with venerable antiquity, and the popular voice has elevated him to the rank of the classic historians of yore—my first acquaintance with him was formed on the banks of the Hudson, not far from the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. He had come there in the course of his researches among the Dutch neighborhoods for materials for his immortal history; for this purpose he was ransacking the archives of one of the most ancient and historical mansions in the country. It was a lowly edifice, built in the time of the Dutch dynasty, and stood on a green bank, overshadowed by trees, from which it peeped forth upon the Broad Tappan Zee, so famous among early Dutch navigators, and so celebrated in modern song. At the foot of the green bank, a wild brook came babbling down a neighboring ravine, and threw itself into a little woody cove, in front of the mansion. It was indeed as quiet and sheltered a nook as the heart of man could require, in which to take refuge from the cares and troubles of the world; and so such, it had proved to the old times, by Wolfert Acker, one of the privy counsellors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant.

This worthy but ill-starred man had led a weary and worried life, throughout the stormy reign of the chivalric Peter, being one of those unlucky wights, who have the misfortune to live in a variant, and who are kept in a continual fume and fret, by the wickedness of mankind. At the time of the subjugation of the province by the English, he retired hither in high dudgeon; with the bitter determination to bury himself from the world, and live here in peace and quietness for the remainder of his days. But even in this retirement he was inscribed over his door the favorite Dutch motto, "Lust in Rust," (pleasure in repose.) The mansion was then called "Wolfert's Rust"—Wolfert's Rest; but in process of time, the name was vitiated into Wolfert's Roost, probably from its quaint cock-loft hole, or from its having a weather-cock perched on its gable end. This name I had heard, long after the unlucky Wolfert was driven forth once more upon a wrangling world, by the tongue of a termagant wife; for it passed into a proverb through the neighborhood, and has been handed down by tradition, that the cock of the Roost was the only quiet inhabitant upon the premises.

This primitive and historical mansion has since passed through many changes and trials, which it may be my lot hereafter to notice. At the time of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker, it was in possession of the gallant family of the Van Tassels, who have figured so conspicuously in his writings. What appears to have been a peculiar trait, in his eye, was the rich treasury of historical facts here secretly hoarded up, like buried gold; for it is said that Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New Amsterdam, carried off with him many of the records and journals of the province, pertaining to the early settlers, and hid them away in this place, never full into the hands of the English. Those, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians; but these did I find the indefatigable Diedrich diligently deciphering. He was already a sage in years and experience, I but an aspiring youth, who did not despise my youth and ignorance, but took me kindly by the hand, and led me gently into those paths of local and traditional lore which he was so fond of exploring. I set with him in his little chamber at the Roost, and watched the antiquarian patience and perseverance with which he deciphered those venerable Dutch documents, worse than Hieroglyphics manuscripts. I used with him by the spring, at the foot of the green bank, and listened to his heroic tales about the worthies of the olden time, the paladins of New Amsterdam. I accompanied him in his legendary researches about Tarrytown and Sing-Sing, and explored with him the spell-bound recesses of Sleepy Hollow. I was present at many of his conferences with the good old Dutch burghers and their wives, from whom he derived many of those marvellous facts not laid down in books or records, and which give such superior value and authenticity to his history, over all others that have been written concerning the New Netherlands.

But let me check my proneness to dilate upon this favorite theme; I may recur to it hereafter.—Suffice it to say, the intimacy thus formed, continued for a considerable time; and in company with the worthy Diedrich, I visited many of the places celebrated by his pen. The currents of our lives at length diverged. He remained at home to complete his mighty work, while a vagrant fancy led me to wander about the world. Many, many years elapsed, before I returned to the parent soil. In the interim, the venerable historian of the New Netherlands had been gathered to his fathers, but his name had risen to renown. His native city, that city in which he so much delighted, had decreed all manner of costly honors to his memory. I found his effigy imprinted upon new-year cakes, and devoured with eager relish by holiday urchins; a great oyster-house bore the name of "Knickerbocker Hall;" and I narrowly escaped the pleasure of being run over by a Knickerbocker omnibus!

Proud of having been acquainted with a man who had achieved such greatness, I now recalled our early intimacy with tenfold pleasure, and sought to revisit the scenes we had trodden together. The most important of these was the mansion of the Van Tassels, the Roost of the unfortunate Wolfert. Time, which changes all things, is but slow in its operations upon a Dutchman's dwelling. I found the venerable and quaint little edifice much as I had seen it during the sojourn of Diedrich. There stood his elbow-chair in the corner of the room he had occupied; the old-fashioned Dutch writing desk at which he had poured over the chronicles of the Manhattoes; there was the old wooden chest, with the archives left by Wolfert Acker, many of which, however, had been fired off as wadding from the long duck gun of the Van Tassels. The scene around the mansion was still the same; the green bank; the spring beside which I had listened to the legendary narratives of the historian; the wild brook babbling down to the woody cove, and the overshadowing locust trees, half shutting out the prospect of the Great Tappan Zee.

As I looked round upon the scene, my heart yearned at the recollection of my departed friend, and I wistfully eyed the mansion which he had inhabited, and which now seemed full mouldering to decay. The thought struck me to arrest the desolating hand of Time; to rescue the historic pile from utter ruin, and to make it the closing scene of my wanderings; a quiet home where I might enjoy "lust in rust" for the remainder of my days. It is true, the fate of the unlucky Wolfert passed across my mind; but I considered myself with the recollection that I was a bachelor, and that I had no termagant wife to dispute the sovereignty of the Roost with me.

I have become possessor of the Roost! I have repaired and renovated it with religious care, in the genuine Dutch style, and have adorned and illustrated it with sundry relicques of the glorious days of the New Netherlands. A venerable weather-cock, of partly Dutch dimensions, which once battled with the wind on the top of the Stadt House of New Amsterdam, in the time of Peter Stuyvesant, now creaks its court on the gable end of my edifice; a gilded horse, in full gallop, crows the weather-cock of the great Vander Heyden Palace of Albany, now glitters in the sunshine, and vows with every breeze, on the peaked turret over my portal; my reactum sanctorum in the chamber once honored by the illustrious Diedrich, and it is from his elbow-chair, and his identical old Dutch writing desk, that I pen this rambling epistle.

* * *

Permit me then, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your work, to hold occasional discourse from my retreat, with the busy world I have abandoned. I have much to say about what I have seen, heard, felt, and thought, through the course of a varied and rambling life, and some lucubrations, that have long been encumbering my portfolio; together with divers reminiscences of the veritable historian of the New Netherlands, that may not be unacceptable to those who have taken an interest in his writings, and are desirous of any thing that may cast a light back upon our early history. Let your readers rest assured of one thing, that, though retired from the world I am not disgusted with it; and that if, in my communings with it, I do not prove very wise; I trust I shall at least prove very good natured. Which is all at present, from Yours, etc.

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

TO LUCY IN HEAVEN.

The gentle spring is waking lint
The buds on every spray,
And winter's icy reign is past,
And nature's bright and gay;
But there are that—the darling one—
Our beautiful—our own!—
Thy light lent print no more the earth,
Thy witchery is gone.

No more, we, with a sister's love
Shall watch thy little play;
Or hear thine carol with the birds
As innocent as they—
The garden may deserted be—
It serves but to remind of thee,
Bright flowers will bloom, but never more
Thy tiny finger gather there;
The summer—forest to the view—
Fresh, dripping with the morning dew—
To twine and our hair.

Sweet Sister, thou hast early flown
To Heaven, which claimed thee for its own.
Not all our fond, unchanging love,
Could keep thee from that home above:
Alas, we mourn! though well we know
It was *His* will that thou should'st go
To dwell in heaven and joy and love
Beneath the shadow of his wing
Enshrine the holy ones above,
Beyond vain, man's imagining,
Where thou forever more shalt be
A dweller in thy purity.

There has a minted sister met
And pressed thee to the heart, where never,
Can trace of pain and sorrow be—
But happiness and love, forever:
And yet, alas, we may not choose,
A endless still our hearts will know,
At thought of her, of thee, our tears
In selfish sorrow flow.
One hope 't is sweet to cherish still,
The brightest, purest, and the last—
That when the summons calls us hence
And earthly cares all are past,
We shall rejoin thee in the home
Where sin and sorrow may not come.

Philadelphia, March 18th, 1839. W.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A TALE—WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Continued from our last.

"Why do you look so downcast," said Rosalina to me, one evening as we sat looking upon the broad mirror before us—"You seem to be absent in mind. I have observed for several days you have not looked as you were wont, and, when at the table you pretend to eat, you only sip your tea and coffee, and then leave abruptly, Jenny says to repeat at the bibletta, but I am sure you appear rather indifferent as to that. Your brow has long been the tablet of unuttered if not unutterable thoughts."

"Rosalina," said I, "can you ken the future?"

"The future! pray what have we to do with the future, when there is so much of the present, to rouse, enliven, and to gladden. Is there nothing in this cool breeze that is gently lifting the foliage in lake-girt scenery—in that bright mirror that reflects a thousand worlds—in the high dome of heaven now lighted as it were with new torches—and above all in those mellow moon-beams dancing on the placid bosom of the lake, sufficient to make that add variety and beauty to the whole scene?"

"Ah Rosalina, did you ever sail upon that lake when all was calm, and its surface scarcely ruffled by the slightest breeze—the birds flitting joyfully over your head—a thousand fish swimming beneath you in the sunny rays—but suddenly a dark cloud is seen through the foliage rising in the western sky—the bright waters which were so calm, begin to crisp and roll, as if the spirits of the deep were moving, and it is with difficulty that your little bark can struggle to the shore.—Yet happy was your condition to one far—far away on the blue misty ocean, and the wild bleak blasts of winter sweeping over him—the rising waves and surging billows threatening to engulf him, while all before, behind, around, is one wide, boundless, shorelless waste of waters, and a moonless, starless, rayless night seems about to close in upon him."

"Why do you talk thus," said Rosalina, "I confess I do not comprehend your meaning."

Here we were interrupted by a splashing of the water and the sound of distant voices on the lake. At length we descried a small boat just emerging from the deep shade which the trees cast upon the water. It was but just visible and like a speck in the blue ether; it increased as it approached the middle of the lake, and very soon we discovered that it was pushing toward the rock near which we were then sitting.

"We had better leave our seat," said Rosalina. "The profound silence which they have kept so long makes me rather suspicious!"

"Why do you fear," I inquired. "I have always heard that innocence is courageous."

"True," said Rosalina, "but not to escape from danger when any risk is unrelled for, is no mark of courage. Besides, by ascending that little eminence (pointing to a part of the rock which reached back into the copse) we shall be better able to discover all their movements."

We hastened immediately to that part overlooking the base of the rock, and where we had a perfect view of the shore, while our persons were almost entirely secreted. The oars were muffled, and their advancement slow and cautious. In a moment they landed within about twelve paces from us, and two tall figures, dressed in cutcouts, stepped upon the shore. One of them remained silent and motionless, while the other walked cautiously toward the above which we had just left. We could catch now and then a glimpse of him as the moon shone dimly through the tops of the trees, and I felt Rosalina shrugging closer to me, and the slight tremor of her nerves betrayed the emotions she would gladly have concealed.

"Oh, night!
Under thy mantle black, there hidden lie
Sight-shunning theft, and treacherous intent;
Foul horror, and also hellish dreamed,
Good things of day begin to droop and droose,
While night's black agents for their prey do rouse."

"Ah! the sickly devil has outwitted us," exclaimed the person who had entered the copse—"I'll venture he has not been gone ten minutes." A convulsive shudder came over Rosalina, and I thought she would have fainted; however, she soon became composed, and grasping my hand, she whispered.

"Oh, heavens! I know that voice, it is Spencer, my guardian."

And here, perhaps, I should inform the reader that her father having died when Rosalina was young, left her to inherit half of his estate, which was to be at her disposal when she should be twenty-one. N. Spencer was an enterprising young man, who had just commenced business for himself, and who had intituled himself so much into the good graces of Rosalina that she chose him to be her guardian. He had for many years been paying his addresses to a young lady, whom I shall call Clarinda—for though she has long been laid on the pillow of her shame, and her name only mentioned with ejaculations of regret, yet some of her friends are still living, and I would not wound their feelings by the mention of one, who, though surrounded with pageantry and wealth, yet descended to a premature grave, the monument of her own wickedness and folly.—Clarinda was a distant relative of Rosalina, and in the absence of Rosalina's mother she had something of a supervision over her. Rosalina was careful to do nothing to displease Clarinda, but this latter was always censuring her under the garb of authenticated vigilance, for actions done in all the innocence of childhood; she was careful that Rosalina should not be seen walking with a young gentleman, and she maintained that it was highly unbecoming for Rosalina, if not unpardonable, to spend an evening with a gentleman or exchange their views and feelings on paper. In short, she was professedly a firm believer in all that precisely, which the Scottish poet Burns, in his "Address to an unborn Louse," has so beautifully expressed. And how, alas! I, a simple, thoughtless youth, who had never seen a female so far beyond common stamp, I cannot but be a little suspicious in regard to the soundness of their mothers.

But Clarinda was, as I before hinted, wealthy.—She was sole heir to all her father's estate; and in 1817 he was considered one of the richest men in the city of New York. She could array herself in flowing robes, and golden bracelets, in gaudy ribbons, and glittering tinsels. She could boast of her father's splendid mansion, their elegantly furnished rooms, their Brussels carpets, their gold and silver dishes, their terraced gardens, their costly carriages and fine horses, and to this Mr. Spencer had listened till he could almost repeat them with the same cant like flattery peculiar to Clarinda. Oh, wealth, how omnipotent thou art!—No matter how poor the possessor may be in intellectual worth; how destitute of moral dignity, and how abject in virtuous principles, yet, he is sought, nay, courted and admired. But Mr. Spencer of late had not listened to her egotism. Studied to tenderness as he was, and thirsting for gain, he was moved, aye, enamored by the beauty of Rosalina. Her form, her face, her mind appeared to his own feelings until I became an inmate of that family. It is a curious principle in our nature that we cannot bear to see others preferred to ourselves. Clarinda had seen her own charms neglected for those of Rosalina's; and Mr. Spencer had made proposals to Rosalina and had been rejected, which was a blow to our mortal vanities. Of course the deep laid treachery, the heart-burning jealousy and malicious hatred of woman would rest upon Rosalina; while I was exposed to the impetuous wrath, and unbounded ire of the tyrant. That evening they had met and were both witnesses to our departure from Rosalina's little bower; both were filled with disappointment, envy and madness. Yet they were, in a great measure ignorant of each others designs. It was then all the workings of unrestrained passion were boiling in the bosom of Clarinda, that she ventured to express her feelings to Mr. Spencer. She laid a plan, which, in her distracted state, she thought would be successful, and which, if it had succeeded, would have doubtless been the ruin of us both. The plan was that Mr. Spencer should take with him old Belus, as he was called, (who, by-the-bye, was a desperado, who could gratify hell's blackest wish for a paltry pittance) and by a circuitous route, reach the opposite side of the lake, and there wait with all his resolution to rescue them to our blissful retreat. When they should reach the shore, Mr. Spencer was to advance and knock me down with a bludgeon; and if possible finish me with one blow; then hurry to the boat, and with all possible speed hasten home before Rosalina should arrive. The strategem appears so full of folly, and so at variance with that which characterizes female revenge. It has always seemed strange to me that Mr. Spencer did not detect her design. It is evident that had she succeeded, she would have been throwing the rich Judean pearl away with his own hand; for suspicion would have fastened upon Clarinda, as the destroyer of my life. Suffice it to say that, that eye which can penetrate the dark and damning schemes of hell and all her emissaries, saw how to rescue me from the hands of the destroyer.

But to return to our hiding-place on the rock.—We waited till the last dash of oars had gone away, and the boat was no longer visible; when we emerged from our place of refuge and with thankful hearts and cautious footsteps hastened home.

In the fall of ——, my friend Lewellen and I started out with the view of finding a situation in some academy institution, in the neighboring states. We intended going some two or three hundred miles south, thinking that a southern climate would be congenial to our health. However, we had travelled two days only, when we arrived at the beautiful valley of ——. It was one of those delightful days in autumn, when a mild sun shining upon the golden tinted woods, and the distant mountains, reminds one of those unclouded days, and elysian fields, so celebrated in the fabled stories of the gods. Oh, there is a spell in an autumnal sun, beaming upon a vale of solitude,

"In whose bosom the bright waters meet,"

and reflecting the voluptuousness of the eternal blue that well corresponds with the feelings of one, who, though happy in the society of present friends, yet feels a gloom over every thought indescribable and undescribed. We were at first received with a great deal of hospitality, and requested to consent ourselves until the arrival of one of the board of trustees, who would, they assured us, be anxious to secure our services. At length an elderly gentleman, whom we supposed to be the one above referred to, approached, and fixing his eyes inquisitively and superciliously upon us (or rather I should have said *eye*, for we supposed him blind with one,) he said,

"And what do you want, young men?"

We replied that we understood he was anxious to procure a teacher or two in the academy.

"Well, I don't know as I care much about it," said he, "teachers are getting very plenty now-a-days."

We observed that a certain kind of teachers indeed might be procured, but we had understood that good teachers are rarely to be had.

"Well," said the old man, "I believe they are all pretty much of a price. I believe if singing-masters, and school-masters, and dancing-masters, and children were all in jail, the country would be a great deal better off. But how much do you want for teaching school?"

"Sixty dollars per quarter, each," we replied.

"Sixty dollars!" repeated the old gentleman, with as much astonishment as though some strange phenomenon had been discovered, and raising his tremulous hands, he ejaculated with such emphasis as might almost astonish inanimate nature, "why, I've known *masters teach for four dollars a month, better than you, either of ye.*"

At this juncture my friend rather sarcastically inquired if they "hoarded themselves with that income?"

Here the old man perceiving that we were rather disposed to ridicule, to our great surprise opened the other eye, which we had supposed blind, and mustering all his energy, told us they did not want such teachers as we were.

What would have followed I am unable to say, had we not just then been interrupted by a person, who very politely inquired if we were the gentlemen who had been spoken to in regard to teaching. We soon discovered our mistake in talking with our old four dollar concern, as we afterward named him, and after a short conversation we agreed to take charge of the academy at the price we proposed. Our situation was in many respects delightful. Six hours in the day we were obliged to devote to the interest of the school, the remainder of it we occupied in reading, writing, or rambling, just as our inclinations dictated. But my good and uninterrupted prosperity is not to be expected here, and especially in that most pitiable of all situations, school-teaching. One day after we had been through the usual exercises of the day, I could not but observe the unusual happiness which seemed depicted on the countenances of all present; they appeared much engaged in their studies and well pleased with their instructions. But in leaving the academy, while some were busy fixing their satchels, and others emulous to appear first in the presence of their parents and exhibit their merit card—one of the number girls accidentally fell and dislocated her elbow—I hastened to her assistance—I caught her in my arms and from my zeal I pitied her. Gladly would I have taken the place of the little sufferer; I tried to justify her when I bathed her limb in water and some camphor, which I happened to have with me. When the first burst of feeling had subsided, I left her with my friend, and hastened for a surgeon, and in a few moments returned with him. By this time the report had reached home, and the father of the child had made his appearance. Agitated by fright and exasperated with rage, he demanded what I had been doing to his child? Think these times before you speak, said I to myself, and then replied in mildly as I could, your child has been badly hurt, sir, but I apprehend nothing serious but that she will soon recover.

"Well, I'll make you account for it," said he.

"Why your vengeance should fall upon me, sir, is rather curious. Your child was ten feet from the door where she fell, and I was standing upon the threshold; should I be implicated because I was witness to it? The only inference I can draw more. Language seemed to fail him sufficiently to express his feelings. All the alone that could be thrown in words upon school-teachers, and especially upon me, were sent forth. I thought, or he had vented his spite in unreservedly, that would be the last of it. But I was mistaken.

The next day a rough looking, heavy-bodied man of Adam, came up to me and said, "you are my prisoner. A warrant has been on require, (but in my hurry) and bound over to the next court, under a few hundred dollar bond. However, at court I was acquitted, and when the poor man found he had been making himself more trouble than me, he seemed to thirst for my blood.

The day at length arrived when I was called to leave them. It was a sunny day in April; the birds carolled in the trees; and the fields were putting on their hue of living green. At the usual hour we repaired to the academy. We found our pupils assembled, neatly clad, and waiting our arrival. They did not wear their wonted cheerfulness. A gloom seemed to hang over us all. I endeavored to give them some kind advice, and then bade them an affectionate farewell.

The next day I left my friend Lewellen. Our parting was painful. He had seen me in prosperity and adversity, and ever proved himself the same unchanging, and unchangeable friend. To separate from such a one with the reflection that it may be forever, is something that will awaken every tender feeling. I afterward learned that he had some difficulty in collecting his school bill.—One very wealthy gentleman who had sent five children to the school, and whose bill amounted only to seven dollars, refused to pay it under the niggardly pretence that there was monopoly in regard to the public money.

I had previously had an invitation to take charge of a female seminary, about one hundred miles south of that. I accepted the invitation.—When I arrived I found them ready to receive me. And now having found that my responsibilities were increased, I endeavored to meet them manfully. There is certainly a great transition from a promiscuous school to a seminary of young ladies, where many of them have age and intelligence enough to render their society agreeable. I felt that I should be obliged to observe some rules of etiquette; but I resolved at once, whatever might be said by the designing and capricious, never to gauge my conduct by plumb and level. However, I soon became greatly attached to my school, and nothing ever afforded me greater pleasure than the reflection of the respect and attention which they always showed me. Oh, I admire the young and artless. There is so much *nature* in its unostentatious beauty. Age seems to wear a garment of deception, and *necessity* compels us to wear it.—But if we look for innocence that is a stranger to deceit—and unsullied by fraud, we must look to the young. Literally all were old enough to understand the importance of improving their time, and as my school consisted of a chosen few, every facility for their advancement in their studies was offered; and I received compliments daily for their proficiency. Very well, I would say to myself, "a new broom sweeps cleanest"—and when the novelty of my presence had been in some degree impaired, I'm sure my pupils would be a match for me. Still I felt that a wide field of action was open before me. O! it is difficult to separate from those we love; and there are few relations in life nearer and dearer than the one which a faithful teacher sustains to a dutiful school. And the associations that will gather round one, when about leaving a school in which he has been engaged a number of years, are such as cannot easily be erased or rightly understood by any, except those who have experienced them. I stood among them for the *last* time, like one who had much to communicate, but would not pollute his thoughts with the "poor vessels of common converse." I had dwelt among contemplative innocence. They had seen me in joy and sorrow. In sickness they gathered around my bedside, and endeavored to alleviate my sorrow by their deeds of kindness. The past and the future seemed to stand in living characters before all of us. In a little while they would be separated, many of them never to meet again. To those who might meet in after days, every thing would be changed. The same walls might enclose them, and they might occupy the same seats, yet some seats would be vacant, and another teacher, perhaps an unfeeling stranger, would occupy mine. Some of them might rise to honor and distinction; but others would, doubtless, fade and fall, like a frost-bitten and forgotten leaf, leaving a melancholy gloom behind them. Such truth,

"Indeed! Sir, sir, you mistake—I assure you, sir, I am not the person you take me for—I am, sir, quite the reverse of a—a—a—

PHILADA. WHOLESALE PRICES-CURRENT.

Corrected for the Morning Post and Saturday Spirit.

MARCH 22, 1858.

ASHES per 100 pound s.		HOLASSES per gallon.	
Pots	5 50 a 5 62	Hav & Mat.	30 a 31
Pearls		Porto Rico	34 a 36
BEESWAX per pound.		Trinidad	30 a 34
Yellow	27 a 28	N. Orleans	34 a 35
White		Cuba	
BREAD per pound.		Havana	40 a 45
Crackers	7 a 8	Philadelphia	40 a 45
Fancy	12 a 14		
BUTTER per pound.		NAILS per pound.	
Pa.	20 a 22	Cut	7
CANDLES per pound.		NAVAL STORES, per	
Sperm	45 a 50	gallon.	
Adamant	18 a 20	Rosin	2 00 a 2 50
		Pitch	2 62 a 2 75
COAL per ton (2240 lbs.)		Tar	2 00 a 2 50
Lehigh	5 00 a	Turpentine	
Schuylkill	5 00 a 5 50	Spirits, gal.	2 50 a 2 75
Beaver Meadow	5 50 a	Linseed	1 40 a 1 45
Pittston	5 50 a 6 00	Sp. Turp. gal.	30 a 40
COFFEE per pound.		Tanner's oil	90 a 95
Rio	10 a 12	OILS per gallon.	
Java	12 a 13	Am. Linseed	
Laguira	12 a 13	Raw	1 35 a 1 40
Maracaibo	12 a 13	Boiled	1 40 a 1 45
Porto Rico	14 a 15	Dutch & Eng.	90 a 95
St. Domingo	12 a 13	Olive	1 10 a 1 40
Mocha	20 a 22	Castor	1 50 a 1 60
Honduras	12 a 13	Sperm winter	1 40 a 1 45
COPPER per pound.		Sperm winter's	1 35 a 1 45
Sheathing	13 a 20	D. Spermaceti	1 62 a 1 75
Ingot	12 a 13	Whale, fall	1 00 a 1 05
Bolts	13 a 20	Whale & Bank	1 00 a 1 05
Sheet, 14 ounce	20 a 22	Tar	3 00 a 3 25
Pitch	17 a 18	Neat's foot	1 00 a 1 05
COTTON per pound.		Lard	1 00 a 1 05
Orleans	9 a 10	Sperm	2 00 a 2 50
Upland	9 a 10	OPIUM per pound.	
Mobile	9 a 10	Turkey	3 00 a 3 50
Texas	9 a 10	Druggist	2 00 a 2 50
CORDAGE per pound.		PAINTS per pound.	
Manila	12 a 13	Red lead	6 a 6½
Russia	9 a 10	Red lead, in oil	6 a 6½
Tarred	6 a 7	Lead, white dry	10 a 11
Untarred	8 a 9	Lead, white in oil	10 a 11
COTTON BAGS per pound.		Lead, Venetian	2 a 3
Lewis, Grant,	17 a 18	Lead, yellow	6 a 8
Foreign	17 a 18	Chr. Yel. dry	20 a 27
FISH per barrel.		Chrome, dry	20 a 25
Mackl'l No. 1	14 00 a 15 00	Ocher, dry	2 a 3
Shad	5 00 a 5 50	Ocher, in oil	2 a 3
Herring	3 00 a 3 25	Whiting, per ton	7 a 8
Salmon		Venetian red	1 50 a 1 75
Cod, dry, per cwt.		ROPE Manila per lb.	
Scale	4 25 a	Inch and over	15 a 15½
Large	4 50 a 4 75	Tarred	12 a 13
Herring, Shore	3 00 a 3 50	Untarred	14 a 15
Salmon, N.	21 a	Rope yarns	9 a 10
FLOUR AND MEAL.		Bed cords	15 a 16
Pa. & Ohio	5 25 a 5 50	Tarred	9 a 10
Western	5 26 a 5 62½	Untarred	10 a 11
Brandywine	5 75 a 6 00	Bunting, No. 1	14 a 15
Middlesex	5 62½ a	Bunting, No. 2	12 a 13
Rye Flour	4 50	Ka's. bg. No. 1	14 a 15
Corn Meal	3 37½	Ka's. bg. No. 2	
Brandywine	3 00 a 3 25	Cheese, Ash. No.	10 a 12
Buckwheat Meal per cwt.	2 50	Leaf, war'ts and Philad'a	12 a 13
FRUIT per cask, &c.		PLASTER PARIS, per ton.	
Raisins, Bkd	4 00 a	On the Pots.	
Bunch	1 70 a 1 75	On Schr's'ds.	4 00 a
Blackstrap	2 a 2 25	RICE, per 100 pounds.	
Lemons, No. 1	7 50 a	Carolina	4 87½ a 5 00
Lemons, Sicily, per lemon	12 a 13	SALT, sacks bushel.	
Oranges	9 a 4 50	Cadiz	30 a 35
Currants, Zante, per lb.	9 a 10	Liverpool	30 a 35
Figs, Smyrna	15 a 16	Lis'p'l ord.	25 a 30
Almonds, soft	18 a 20	sacks	1 00 a 1 10
hard shell	6 a 8	Turks Island	15 a 20
Filberts	8 a 9	SALT, EITRE per bu.	
Pecans	12 a 15	Turks Island	15 a 20
Tamarinds	5 a 6	Bedford	24 a 30
GRAIN per bushel.		SEEDS per bushel.	
Wheat, Penna.	1 50 a 1 60	Clover	4 00 a 4 50
Southern	1 50 a 1 60	Flax'sd, rough	1 62½ a 1 65
Rye, Penna.	1 00 a 1 10	Cloved	1 12½ a 1 15
Southern	1 00 a 1 10	Mard, Orange	1 10 a 1 15
Corn, Penn round	70 a 75	Why, rye, lbs.	70 a 80
Yellow	65 a 68	Ker. wh. lbs.	2 00 a 2 25
Sou. & Pa. yel.	65 a 68	from store	2 75 a
White	65 a 68	SPICES per pound.	
Oats, Penna.	35 a 38	Pimento	6 a
Southern	35 a 38	Ginger	9 a 12
Barley, Ken's	75 a 80	Cassia	11 a 12
Penn'a	75 a 80	Nutmegs	1 00 a 1 05
Peas	1 37½ a 1 40	Cloves	1 15 a 1 17
White Beans	1 75 a 1 87½	Pepper	10 a 12
GUANO (100 lbs.)	1 75 a 2 00	Pimento, lb.	6½
Cotton seed	1 50 a 1 62½	STEEL, per pound.	
Dry Bone Meal	2 00 a 2 25	Blister	10 a 12
HAY per ton.		German	10 a 12
Ship	20 a 22	Spring, S.	14 a 15
Eng.	20 a 22	Cast	17 a 20
Amer.	18 a 20	Spring, E.	4 a 5
HEMP per ton.		Tire	4 a 5
Am. dew rot	160 a 170	STOUT per dozen.	
Rus. dew rot	160 a 170	Porter	1 50 a 2 00
Manila	160 a 165	Ale	1 50 a 2 00
Russia		SUGAR per pound.	
Bolshoi		Cuba, c.	7 a 8
Ribine		Refining	8 a 9
HIDES per pound.		Porto Rico	8 a 9
Rough	12 a 13	Brown	7 a 8
Calcutta	1 00 a 1 10	Havana	8 a 9
E. Ayres, La Plata & R. Grande	25 a 26	Manila	7 a 8
Slaughter'd	3 a 4	Loaf	9 a 10
Horse	2 00 a 2 50	Lump	10 a 12
IRON per gallon.		Sugar, refined	14 a 16
Cast	6 a 7	TALLOW per pound.	
Bar	4 a 5	Am. Dry	7 a 7½
Blooms	4 a 5	Rough	6 a 6½
Sheet	6 a 7	TEAS per pound.	
Hoop	6 a 7	Imperial	50 a 60
Nail Rod	6 a 7	Gunpowder	50 a 60
LEAD per pound.		Young Hyson	25 a 30
Bar	4 a 4½	Hyson	25 a 30
Bar, in oil	4 a 4½	Hyson Skin	20 a 25
Sheet	5 a 6	Souchong	25 a 30
Pipe	5 a 6	Souchong	25 a 35
Shot, Phila.	5 a 5½	WINES, per gallon.	
Bar	5 a 5½	Madeira	1 50 a 2 00
LIME per bbl.		Sherry	1 10 a 1 20
Rockland	1 00 a 1 10	Lisbon	1 00 a 1 10
Lime, Lump	1 00 a 1 10	Port	1 00 a 1 10
Tomatillo, L. P.	1 00 a 1 10	Sherry	1 00 a 1 10
Carpe	1 00 a 1 10	Malaga	1 00 a 1 10
Shilds, per	1 00 a 1 10	Sweet	1 00 a 1 10
Sweet	1 00 a 1 10	Claret, cask	10 00 a 12 00
Claret, case	10 00 a 12 00	Port, Oporto, c.	10 00 a 12 00
Port, Oporto, c.	10 00 a 12 00	Port, Lisbon, c.	10 00 a 12 00
Port, Lisbon, c.	10 00 a 12 00	Port, Malaga, c.	10 00 a 12 00
Port, Malaga, c.	10 00 a 12 00	Malaga, c.	10 00 a 12 00

Atkinson's Evening Post
Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1839.

On motion of Thomas Armstrong, Esq., GEORGE R. GRAHAM, was this day admitted to practice as an Attorney at Law in the District Court, &c. the city and County of Philadelphia.

MARCH 27, 1839.

Mr. S. S. Garwood is our authorized agent at Wheeling, Virginia, who will receive subscribers.

S. B. Chamberlaine, Esq. of New Brighton, Beaver co. Pa. is appointed our agent for Beaver City, and the neighboring towns.

UNITED STATES BANK.

We are informed that Nicholas Biddle, Esq. has resigned the Presidency of the United States Bank, and that Thomas Dunlap, Esq. has been elected to the office.

THE TONE OF THE PRESS.

It cannot but be matter of regret, to those who mark attentively the general cast of thought of the articles which issue from the press of the present day, that so few are characterized by that lofty strain, and worthy tone, so necessary to elevate and improve the heart. It is not alone that the articles are sugitory in their influence, but that their tendency is too many instances is below the strict line of true morality. There is a certain effect, and with which many appear to be affected, which displays itself in sprightly religionists and loose double entendres, and language of gross impropriety, which cannot be sufficiently discovered. It never adds any thing to the respectability of the man, and certainly detracts much from his influence. It is a lamentable evidence of imbecility of mind, and should be turned from as fraught with danger to the public weal.

If ever the liberty of this country is assailed successfully, it must be assailed through the press. Let that but maintain a propriety of tone,—let it inculcate principles of pure patriotism, of sound morality, and above all of religion undefiled, and the nation is safe from invasion without, or commotion within. But let a licentious press, prey as a gangrene upon the vitals of the nation, and virtue be assailed, through its influence, in the unguarded citadel of the hearts of the young—let a laxity of morals be applauded, and licentiousness be made the subject of jest, and its doctrines be unblushingly paraded in the public prints, and be thrust in at the door of the virtuous,—let religion be mocked, and things most holy be scoffed at and held up to scorn, and the willing hearts of millions cannot save the nation from its doom. The final gates of ruin will be opened upon the country, and the nation will be undone.

No man can, and no man who has the least concern for his reputation as a sound thinker dare deny the influence of the public press in the United States. It is the pillar upon which liberty rests, and any thing which in the least degree impairs its strength, is of direful moment to every freeman.

It is cheering to the heart, however, to see occasionally a paper starting up with "*morality*" proudly inscribed upon its banner, and with a fearless tone battling its way through opposition, to the proud pre-eminence of being a successful defender of right, with an editor who has "the heart to do, and the soul to dare." We make these remarks by way of welcoming to the field, "The North American," a paper just started in this city, with the most flattering prospects, and with the best principles. It intends to be the determined advocate of right, and the inveterate foe of immorality. Let it but be true to its principles, and not, like many pretenders, circulate the base, as well as the antidote.

FAIR PROFITS.

It is stated in a New York paper that a person last year received a small invoice of the Morus Multicaulis used from Canton, which cost then about four dollars per pound. It was afterward re-sold several times, at a constantly increased price, and a small parcel is said to have been sold at one hundred dollars per pound. The price has since abated a little, and the present market rate may be quoted at about eighty dollars per pound.

MILITARY.

The Army and Navy Chronicle states that Major General Macomb was to have left Washington on Thursday the 22d inst. for Florida where he is to take the command of affairs. There is no truth in the report that several companies had been ordered from Carlisle to proceed to Maine.

THE CASE OF JUDGE DARLINGTON

It appears from the Harrisburg Keystone that the Supreme Court has fixed the 2d day of April next for the argument, in this city, of the writ of *quo warranto* against Judge Darlington, of Chester, to inquire upon what authority he holds his seat upon the bench. The question is one of great importance, involving the principle of judicial rotation under the amended constitution, and is not simply the case of Judge Darlington, but of all future judges of the Courts of Common Pleas. The Attorney General and J. M. Porter are counsel for the Commonwealth, and John Sergeant and Mr. Meredith for the respondent.

STEAM BOAT BURNED!!

On Friday morning last, the elegant new steamboat New York, which plies between New Haven and New York, was burned to the water's edge while lying at the wharf. She had a large quantity of freight on board—the loss of which, together with the boat is estimated at $30,000—partly insured. She was to have left that morning for New York. The fire was first seen in and near a pile of wood on deck, near one of the boilers—but whether it proceeded from accident or design, was not ascertained.

EARTHQUAKE AT MARTINIQUE.

Further particulars of the late earthquake at Martinique, mention that of 1700 houses in Fort Royal, only eighteen were left standing; four hundred persons lost their lives; and many more were greatly injured. The loss in the buildings alone, is estimated at twenty millions seven hundred thousand francs.

JUDICIAL.

On Monday morning Judge King delivered the opinion of the court on the application for a new trial in the case of Williams for the murder of Carney. The application was rejected on the ground that the reasons were altogether insufficient to justify the court in granting the prisoner another trial. The sentence has sat as yet been pronounced.

WATERING THE MULTICAULIS.

The Journal of the American Silk Society says, that during very dry weather in the fore part of the summer, nothing will pay the cultivator better, than frequent and copious watering of the young plants. Slight watering does no good. A hogshead can be placed upon a cart, and with a small hose the water can be directed upon the plants as the cart passes along. It may seem a laborious affair to water a field of plants it this way, but on trial it will be found to pay better than any other employment the same labor can be applied to.

JUDGE WILKINSON.

Judge Wilkinson and a Mr. Murdough who, our readers will remember, were indicted for killing an individual at the Oak House in Louisville, have been acquitted by the jury. Eleven of the jurors were for rendering a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, but the twelfth objected to that course. A shameful prostitution of the high character of jurors. The morals of a community are sorely endangered, when crime can thus hide its head under the protecting wing of a jury.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CASE DECIDED.

This case came up for trial before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the Eastern District, December Term, 1838, Term Period, sitting in banc, Shippen C. Rogers, Associate Judge of said Court, on Monday, March 4th, at 10 o'clock. The case was the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on relation Jos. Todd, John K. Neff, Frederick A. Raybold, George W. M'Clelland, William Darling, and Thomas Fleming,

versus

Ashbel Green, William Latta, Thos. Bradford, Solomon Allen, Cornelius C. Cuyler, and Geo. C. Potts.

QUO WARRANTO, &c.

Counsel for Plaintiffs—William M. Meredith, George Wood, of New York, and Josiah Randall, Esquires.

Counsel for Defendants—John Sergeant, Joseph R. Ingersoll, William C. Preston, of South Carolina, and Francis W. Hubbell, Esquires.

The issue of the case was to decide the question which of the two bodies which were organized on the 17th day of May, 1836, in the Seventh Presbyterian Church, in Sansom Court, Philadelphia, in the legal and true General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, as incorporated by Act of Assembly of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in the year 1759.

On the first day of the trial but eleven jurors were impanelled, and on the morning of the 5th the following gentlemen were duly sworn and affirmed, viz:

Charles Wagner,	Miller N. Everley,
James Simpson,	Richard C. Dinkinson,
Lewis Quandale,	John Burk,
George Steeles,	Charles Barrington,
Isaac James,	Samuel Baker,
William S. Greiner,	Edward B. Myers.

Josiah Randall, Esquire, opened the case on behalf of the relators, by introducing a historical sketch of the formation of the first Presbytery in the United States, about one hundred and thirty years ago—also of the erection of the Synod of Philadelphia—the division thereof into two Synods—and the establishment of the General Assembly, in the year 1788. This historical sketch he continued to 1799, when the Trustees of the General Assembly were incorporated.—He then proceeded to give an account, from the records of the Assembly, of the erection of the extended Synods, by which it appeared that the Synod of Albany was created in 1803; an overture was sent up to the General Assembly in 1812, requesting its division. It was accordingly divided, and the Synod of Geneva formed. In 1821, the Synod of Geneva was divided, and the Synod of Genessee constituted. The Synod of Pittsburgh was divided in 1825, and the Synod of Western Reserve constituted.

In 1829, the General Assembly erected the Synod of Utica.

Mr. R. remarked, that the presbyteries embraced in these Synods, continued to act with the others, their rights never called in question, and their fellowship unchallenged, till 1837.—He then stated, that on certain questions there was, unhappily, a difference of opinion in the church, and that the terms Old School and New School were used to designate this difference.—He would use them for convenience, without attaching an objectionable meaning to either.—There parties had long existed in the Presbyterian Church, and had been nearly equal in number. Sometimes one party had the majority and sometimes the other. In the Assembly of 1831 1832, 1833, and 1834, the New School had a majority. In 1835, the Old School preponderated. In 1836, the New School had a majority again. In the Assembly of 1837, the Old School had a small majority, and, by an act unparalleled in the pages of ecclesiastical history, dark as those pages are, adopted a course of policy to secure a majority in future on their side. This act was the resolutions declaring the Synods of Geneva, Genessee, Utica, and Western Reserve, to be out of the Church, and no part thereof.

Mr. R. then gave a brief account of the meeting of the General Assembly of 1838, of the rejection of the commissioners from the presbyteries within those excinded synods, and other circumstances which led the General Assembly (as he said) to consider the chair vacated, and to appoint a new moderator, by whom the Assembly was duly organized. By the General Assembly thus constituted, the trustees were appointed at whose instance this suit is brought. Mr. R. here stated the great question at issue. Whether Messrs. Todd, Neff, Raybold, M'Clelland, Darling and Flemming, elected by the New School Assembly, are Trustees of the General Assembly, of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, or whether the real and legal Trustees are Messrs. Green, Potts, Latta, Bradford, Allen, and Cuyler, who were elected by the Old School Assembly.

Mr. R. proceeded. He read the Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, incorporating the Trustees of the General Assembly: also the writ of *Quo Warranto* served upon the defendants, and their pleas in defence; he then read, from the Constitution of the Church, the mode appointed for electing trustees: also extracts from the Constitution as amended in 1821. He stated that the excinded presbyteries were then in existence, and took part in ratifying the new Constitution. He proceeded to show, from the book, how Presbyteries and the Assembly were constituted. He then read, from the Minutes of the Assembly, the record of the formation of the excinded synods.

Mr. R. proceeded to read extracts from the records of the Assembly, showing that it had extended its jurisdiction over the territory of the excinded synods for thirty-six years; that the validity of their presbyteries, in all this time, had not been questioned. He commenced with

The Records of the Assembly of 1801, and read the order of that Assembly appointing missionaries to labor in the region embraced within those synods.

He proceeded to show from the records of the Assembly that the Presbyteries of Oneida, Genessee, Onondago, and Cayuga, contributed to the Assembly's missionary and commissioners' funds the funds of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, the Education Society and others from 1801, up to 1830, the time that they were declared to be out of the Church.

Mr. Randall continued to read from the printed minutes of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and called the attention of the Court to the statistical reports of the churches and ministers, by which it appeared that a number of the ministers belonging to presbyteries other than those within the bounds of the four obnoxious or excinded synods, and in undisputed connexion with the General Assembly, are now, and have heretofore been, pastors of Congregational churches. He said this was the case with several presbyteries belonging to the Synod of Albany, and others. He referred to several cases of that kind, and offered to read the minutes of the General Assembly of 1837 as evidence in support of his positions, when Mr. Hubbell, as counsel for the defendants, objected thereto.

Mr. Hubbell addressed the court at considerable length in support of his objection. He said, the issue joined between the relators and the defendants, and which was to be determined by the Court and jury, was virtually which of the two bodies claiming to be was the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, as incorporated by the Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. For what purpose, then, did the counsel for the relators wish to introduce the records of the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1837? Was it for the purpose of showing that the General Assembly had then dismembered itself—and, as a consequence, was destroyed by its own acts? If so, the evidence was irrelative to the case, for the counsel had in his opening speech, admitted the fact of the continued existence or establishment of the General Assembly of 1837—after the acts of that body in relation to the four synods—the very acts of which they so loudly complain.—They have acknowledged that there was no dismemberment then—that the General Assembly did not destroy itself, by committing suicide.—This was fully admitted by the circumstance attending the organization of the General Assembly of 1838. Was it then the object of the relators to show that the officers of 1837 were illegitimate by dint of an act of such profligacy of their successive duties, at the organization of the General Assembly of 1838? He supposed this was their object, and if so, he objected to their coming into the county of their opponents to seek for support—to search for evidence to sustain their sources of proceedings. He hoped that the Court would not sanction it. He positively denied that the General Assembly of 1838 had refused to allow the commissioners from the presbyteries within the bounds of the four obtruded synods to take their seats in that Assembly. It was true (but certain purpose claiming to be moral, insure to that Assembly, had tendered their commissions to the clerks for examination, and the clerks, acting on the committee on commissions, had rejected said commissions, but the General Assembly itself had not rejected those commissions. That body had never passed upon them—no opportunity had been afforded to do so. Other individuals, he admitted, had made certain motions to correct the roll, which was incomplete as reported and read by the clerks, which motions were made before the Assembly was full organized, and the moderator declared said motions to be out of order at the time they were made and refused them to receive them. Now if the moderator thus presiding, and the clerks, had acted improperly—if they had refused to do their duty in organizing the house—and, in consequence of that refusal, were displaced from office by the Assembly, as the relators contend, why should they go back to 1837, and endeavor to find justification of their conduct in the proceedings of the General Assembly of that year.

The Court queried of Mr. Hubbell if he intended to introduce the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1837, as evidence on the part of the defendants.

Perhaps not, said he: but if we do, we would choose to introduce them ourselves. Suppose, said he, the plaintiffs say that the moderator and the clerks in 1838 rejected certain commissions improperly, or violated the order of the house: are they to be allowed also to allege that this was done, because the Assembly of 1837 committed an error—if such error was then committed? Would it not be manifestly wrong. We intend, said Mr. H. to prove that the General Assembly of 1838 did not reject any body—that the doors were open to all commissioners from regularly constituted presbyteries. We cannot permit the gentlemen to allege that bad motives influenced the officers of the incipient, and, as yet, unorganized Assembly of 1838, and caused the exclusion of certain commissioners.

He had not objected to the minutes which were read yesterday, though he considered them irrevelant and foreign to the question at issue between the parties to this suit. But, now, as the relators propose to go back to 1837, let us (said he) be the masters of our own reasons.

Mr. Ingersoll also contended that diving in this manner into the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1837, would be making a false issue. He considered it improper to allow them to do so, as the Assembly of 1837 was dissolved when it adjourned, *sine die*—and a new General Assembly was constituted by the Presbyteries in 1838, as though the former Assembly had never existed.

Mr. Randall replied, and gave his reasons for offering the record of the proceedings of the Assembly of 1837, in evidence. He stated that his object was to show that the four excinded Synods were recognised by the General Assembly in 1837, as being then integral parts of the Presbyterian Church;—that they had been cut off and excluded, not only without conviction of error, but without a trial: and that this part of the Church had been arbitrarily and unjustly disfranchised, by collision;—by design—and not by mistake, as the defendants alleged. These proceedings were necessary to a right understanding of what took place at the organization of the General Assembly in 1838.

We have given the remarks of Mr. Randall thus far, as the documentary evidence produced by that gentleman, was not the subject of dispute, and which in fact has become in relation to the Presbyterian Church, matter of history.

In May, 1838, the annual session of the General Assembly commenced, and as might be expected, the process of excision, caused great difficulties. Delegates from the excinded Synods, presented their credentials to the usual officers, the clerks, who declined to enrol their names. The Moderator of the past session, Dr. *Elliott*, took his seat in the Assembly, held in the Seventh Presbyterian Church, according to the usual form. Dr. *Patton*, of N. Y. offered resolutions; the Moderator declared them out of order; he appealed, and the Moderator made the same decision as to his appeal. Dr. *Elliott*, after the report of the clerks, inquired if any delegates were present, whose names had been omitted. Dr. *Mason*, of N. Y. then presented the commissions from the excinded districts, and was declared by the chair to be out of order. He appealed, and that was also declared to be irregular. The Rev. Mr. *Cleveland*, of Michigan, then moved that Dr. *Beman*, of N. Y. be appointed Moderator, *pro tem* and put the question to the Assembly. The ayes were general; there rang but few negatives; but whether the voting was universal, was disputed. At this time great confusion occurred—much noise—and the evidence was contradictory upon the opportunity and the generality of voting, and the conduct of the respective parties. The Moderator thus chosen, Dr. *Beman*, proceeded to organize in the usual manner, and the body of New School delegates, including the excinded portions, adjourned to the First Presbyterian Church; and among other business, elected the six gentlemen named as Relators, to the office of Trustees. The remaining body also organized and transacted business.

It is not our purpose to offer opinions, or adopt the evidence on either side, but merely to furnish an intelligible view of the points in controversy, and the history of the events which have evolved them.

The charge of the Judge ruled the law in favor of the Relators in emphatic language. He held the excinding resolution to be unconstitutional and void, and on the question of organization he charged the Jury that if the delegates were prevented from hearing the question, or voting, by the clamors, art or measures of the New School party, or the audience, then the Dr. *Beman* Assembly was irregular formed, and the Relators must fail in this issue; but if they believed that the confusion was the act of the defendants, or those who supported the Dr. *Elliott* house, then they could take no advantage of their own wrong act, and the verdict must be for the plaintiff.

The Jury retired for a few minutes and returned to the Court a *verdict of Guilty against the defendants.*

The discussion to the Jury was ably conducted by Messrs. *Meredith* and *Wood* for the plaintiffs, and by Messrs. *Ingersoll* and *Preston* for the defendants. The leading counsel for the Relators, *Josiah Randall, Esq.* was their original counsel and legal adviser during 1837, and yielded the prominent position in the argument to which he was entitled, in order to open the cause of the plaintiffs to the Jury; it is spoken of as a masterly effort. The evidence of the defendants was fully opened by F. W. Hubbell, Esq.

The consequences of the judgment upon this verdict will be according to the eleventh sect. of the act of 1836—" If any person, &c. be found or adjudged guilty of usurping or intruding into, or unlawfully holding or exercising the office, franchise, privilege or power mentioned in such writ, the Court shall give judgment that such defendant be ousted and altogether excluded from such office, franchise, privilege or power, and that the Commonwealth, or party suing such writ, as the case may be, recover costs from the Defendant."

It is understood that the law laid down by Judge Rogers will be considered by the Court in Banc, on a motion for a new trial.

We have given our readers the most important of the facts, the body of which we are indebted to the "News" of this city, and the others to our neighbors of the United States Gazette. A full report of the whole case which we understand is to be published, would require more than thirty columns.

MR. COMBE.

It appears that Mr. Combe is one of his lectures on Phrenology, shocked the sense of propriety of the audience by declaring it to be proper to visit prostitutes only related stations. He denominated our objections to it prejudice, and appealed, as he said, to our good sense to banish it (deeming the practice essential to physical education, and necessary to a mother to discover deformity in her children. A correspondent of the United States Gazette deprecating the tendency of the doctrine, adopts language which must be expressive of the feeling of a sober minded and reflective people.

"Whatever may be said in favor of this naked theory, we are convinced that the evils to flow from its adoption are inevitably and necessarily greater than any we may differ by its exclusion. Disclaiming all prudery of mind, we are satisfied this sentiment, deep, strong and sincerely, is founded alike on virtue and reason, and with however good intent it may be made, its tendency is necessarily to open an avenue through which access may be had to the citadel of virtue."

THE WILL OF DR. BARTHORF.

The validity of the will of the late Dr. Barthorp is attempted to be contested before the Surrogate, which has caused a great excitement in the village of Kinderhook. The entire population of the village we believe have taken sides for and against the will as it is. The estate, it is said, will not fall short of $150,000. The testator has devised certain specified legacies something like $50,000; among which were the sums of $10,000 to his widow—$9000 each, to the sunstreasers society of New York and Philadelphia—and $15,000 for the establishment of an infirmary in the village of Kinderhook. The residue of the estate, we understand, is to be appropriated to charitable institutions, at the discretion somewhat of the executors.

Extract of a letter, received at the Philadelphia Exchange, dated

"MONTEVIDEO, Jan. 20, 1839.

"The Government has declared war against Buenos Ayres, and are fitting out an expedition in conjunction with the French. Produce is high and getting scarce, from the increasing demand."

A TREATY.

The Globe publishes officially a treaty of commerce and navigation between the U. States and Sardinia, concluded and signed at Genoa on the 26th of last November, between Nathaniel Niles, Special Agent on the part of this Government, and the Sardinian Secretary of State, and ratified by both Governments, the ratifications having been exchanged at Washington on the 18th of the present month.

Monthly Fashions.—We have received from L. A. Godey, his monthly report of Ladies' Fashions, which he proposes to furnish beautifully colored for the exceeding low price of one dollar per annum, to subscribers in any part of the United States. These Fashions are arranged by one of our most celebrated modistes, and may be relied upon as correct in every respect.

Music.—Mr. Osborne has just published the "Maid of Wyoming"—a neat little air, the poetry of which, as well as the music, are attributed to Henry J. Gray, a blind lad not fifteen years of age, and at present a pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind.

We are requested to say that the work recently published, and entitled *Doctor Bell's Lessons on the Human Frame*, was not written by Doctor John Bell, Editor of "Select Medical Library, and Eclectic Journal of Medicine," and author of "Health and Beauty," and of "Baths and Mineral Waters."

FRANK JOHNSON.

Frank Johnson gives a concert at the Assembly Buildings this evening at eight o'clock. Those who remember the unfortunate state of the weather when Frank asked, and we have no doubt would have received, a benefit at the Philadelphia Museum, a few weeks since, should not forget him upon this occasion.

THE FIFTEEN GALLON LAW.

The Massachusetts Legislature, after a discussion of nine days, have rejected the new license bill, called the bill of compromise, by a vote of 299 to 159; thus sustaining the fifteen gallon law, and abolishing all licenses.

TEMPERANCE.

The following remarks were made by Mr. Purviance, of Butler Co. in favor of the resolution to give the people the right of determining by vote whether ardent spirits should be sold in the several wards, boroughs and townships of this commonwealth. We regret that we cannot find space for the entire effort in our columns, but the following passage will be read with interest:

In Rhode Island and New Hampshire laws have been passed giving to the people the right of determining the question of license. In Maine, during the last session of her legislature, a bill repealing the whole license system of the State, and forbidding the sale of ardent spirits in less quantity that twenty-eight gallons, was on a motion to put it to the people for their ayes and noes, lost by a single vote in the Senate. In Tennessee a bill passed the legislature, repealing the whole license law, and making the retail of spirituous liquors a misdemeanor. In Massachusetts a bill passed both Houses, by a vote of more than two thirds of each House, forbidding the retail of ardent spirits in less quantities than fifteen gallons, and a penalty of twenty dollars for each offence. The people of Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Michigan, Louisiana and other states, have petitioned their respective Legislatures to aid in crushing the Leviathan Monster—INTEMPERANCE. The people of New York ask for precisely what is contained in the bill we are considering, while Vermont has made a report giving to the people the right of saying yea or nay to the further traffic in intoxicating liquors. The Green Mountain boys, worthy sons of worthy sires, have resolved that they will no longer sully by intemperance, the fair fame of that country for which they and their ancestors so earnestly struggled and so freely shed their blood. They have resolved that rather, the spontaneous growth of their native hills, which covered them during the Revolution with never fading laurels, shall no longer be utilized by intemperance—liberty's most deadly as well as most insidious foe. Shall Pennsylvania be behind her sister States? For one, I answer no; I am ready for the work of reform, and can mostly invoke my fellow Representatives to come now to the rescue. I have said that considerations of public policy should urge us to immediate legislation on the subject, and this proposition I shall proceed to show. From 1817 to 1837, as appears by the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury of the U. States, seventy eight millions of gallons of distilled spirits were imported into the United States, which estimated at fifty cents per gallon, amounts to the sum of thirty millions of dollars. From 1821 till 1837, as appears by the same reports, sixty-one millions of gallons of wine were consumed in the United States, which estimated at one dollar per gallon, and added to the estimate of imported distilled spirits consumed, produces the startling sum of one hundred millions of dollars paid to foreign countries for liquid fire,—a sum four times larger than that which constructed your mighty and magnificent system of internal improvement. It will be observed that this includes nothing more than the wine and spirits imported into the country between the periods named, leaving to be added the immense quantity of spirits distilled at home, swelling the actual cost of liquors consumed in the United States, to more than three hundred millions of dollars in less than twenty years.

FROM TEXAS.

By the arrival of the steam packet Cuba, Capt. Carson, in 40 hours from Galveston, we have received Houston papers to March, inclusive. They contain no later intelligence from the Indian frontier.

Two companies of volunteers left Houston on Monday the 11th inst. for the frontier. This force it was supposed, would be sufficient to restore complete tranquility to the settlement in that section, and induce the planters to proceed with confidence in their agricultural labors.

Col. Wells, from Bexar, arrived at Houston on the 11th inst. He states that the western counties continue tranquil. Bexar presents a very busy, bustling appearance. The Mexican settlers are opening new farms in every direction around the city.

DR. DYOTT AGAIN.

The Grand Jury in, and for, the city and county of Philadelphia, have returned a true bill in the Court of Criminal Sessions against Dr. Dyott the fraudulent insolvency.

The charges are set forth in the following counts:—

1. Collecting and contriving with T. B. & C. W. Dyott, to conceal goods, value $100,000.
2. Fraudulently conveying to T. B. & C. W. Dyott, goods, value $50,000.
3. Collecting and contriving with T. W. Dyott, Jr. to conceal goods, value $50,000.
4. Fraudulently conveying to T. W. Dyott, Jr. goods, value $50,000.
5. Collecting and contriving, with M. B. Dyott, to conceal goods, value $20,000.
6. Collecting, and contriving, with W. Wells, to secrete $20,000 in money.
7. Fraudulently conveying to John Dyott fee-simple, value $1000.
8. Concealing goods and merchandise, value $50,000.
9. Concealing $200,000 in money.
10. Concealing $100,000 in money.
11. Concealing $10,000 in money.

All with the expectation to receive future benefit to himself, and with intent to defraud his creditors.

CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY

is opened in the saloon over the Arcade, and merits the attention of the public for its novelty, as well as the great variety of Indian curiosities collected during seven years residence among the natives.

Mr. Catlin has with great industry painted the portraits of several hundred Indian chiefs and remarkable women. A large number of views on the upper Missouri and upper Mississippi rivers where the landscapes presented are unusually fine scenes, &c. &c. We had intended to have given a more extended notice now, but are obliged to delay it till our next.

Exhibition open day and evening.

LEGISLATURE ADJOURNED.

A correspondent of the National Gazette of this city writes, that the House adjourned without passing the improvement bill inasmuch as it did not contain the feature of a million and a quarter for repairs. Both Houses stand adjourned until the seventh of May next.

TEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the packet ship Roscoe, Captain Delano, at New York, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 20th February, news has been received from Liverpool ten days later.

A steamer, probably the Great Western, was seen by the Roscoe, on the 8th inst. in lat. 55.

A diving company has been at work on the wreck of the Pennsylvania, and previous to the departure of the Roscoe, had got goods to the amount of about 6,000£.

The proceedings of Parliament up to the 26th of February are received, but they contain nothing of importance to our readers.

Lord Normanby was sworn in as Colonial Secretary on the 22d of February. His successor in the government of Ireland had not yet been named.

The Morning Chronicle announces the appointment of Mr. Labouchre as under secretary for the colonies, in the place of Sir George Grey.

A reconciliation is said to have taken place between Lords Brougham and Durham, and the factious attempt of Lord Wellesley, through whose instrumentality the arrangement is said to have been effected, are before the public.

The Morning Herald of Feb. 23d says:—

A meeting of the West India Association was held yesterday afternoon, to take into consideration the alarming state of the sugar estates in Jamaica and other settlements where the negro apprentices had refused to work, at which it was stated that many of the estates have to which the planters were exposed, were to be attributed to the conduct of the Governor Sir Lionel Smith, the undue interference of the Baptist missionaries, and the false impression that most of the negroes had acquired, that they were entitled to their ground, and huts rent free.

BLOCKADE OF MEXICO.

Four closely printed columns of the London Times are occupied by a correspondence between the Directors of the South American and Mexican Association and the Foreign Office, respecting the French blockade of the ports of Mexico and Buenos Ayres. The effects of those blockades are represented as being highly injurious to British Commerce, and in fact destructive, as connected with those nations.—Several vessels despatched with cargoes from England for Mexico, had returned to England.

SPAIN.

The following letter from the Spanish correspondent of the London Herald, gives the latest intelligence from that kingdom:

ELISONDO, Feb. 21—9 o'clock, P. M.

"I have hardly sufficient courage to make known to you that General Maroto has caused to be shot at Lotella those brave and pure Carlists, Generals Francisco Garcia, Guergue, Pablo, Santa, and Carmona, the latter chief of the staff of the army of Navarre; also the Intendant general Uriz, and the secretary attached to the war department, Ibanez. It was expected that on the next day seven other officers of distinction would be shot.

"General Maroto, with 8000 infantry and 900 cavalry, is operating in the Ribera of Navarre; it is said that he intends to attack Sodoza, and if successful, open a communication with Arragon."

AMUSEMENTS.

Chesnut street Theatre.—The light comedian MR. BALLS, takes his benefit this evening, with *Fontainbleau*, or Our Way in France—the King and the Freebooter, and Three and the Deuce.

At the *Walnut street Theatre*, EL HYDER, with the horses, and Gasparde the Gondolier, &c.

Chinese Collection, at Philadelphia Museum every day and evening till 9 o'clock.

American Museum corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, every day and evening. Mr. SHELLINE, the Comic Lecturer, gives his laughable delineations of Men and Manners. Also the Conflagration of Moscow, Natural Curiosities, Cosmorama, &c.

Circus,—Chesnut street below Ninth,—the rare, living animals, Giraffe, Elephants, Serpents, &c. &c. of the Zoological Institute, every day and evening.

At the *Philadelphia Museum*—the charming little vocalists Misses Mary and Rosina Shaw have their concert this (Saturday) afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Keyzer's third grand concert on Monday evening, April 1st.

Mrs. Watson and Miss Wells appear on Tuesday evening at the *Assembly Buildings*, southwest corner Tenth and Chesnut street.

Frank Johnson gives a musical soiree, similar to those at Musards in Paris this evening at 8 o'clock.

Catlin's Indian Gallery in the saloon over the Arcade every day and evening.

THE MURDER NEAR LANCASTER.

All doubts as to the identity of the person who murdered the Pedlar near Lancaster some time since, have, by a train of events been removed. The person who perpetrated the horrible crime, appears to be a man by the name of Kobler, alias Zimmerman, alias Mott.

On the 21st of February, he, in company with another man, also a German, whom he called his servant, came to Philadelphia, and lodged at a tavern in Water street, boarded afterward at Mr. Wolf's tavern, in Callowhill street, below Second, leaving which he took up his abode at Mr. Ziegler's tavern, corner of Callowhill street and Old York Road, and removing from thence he stopped at the Washington Guard Hotel, in Vine street, near Second.

About the 7th or 8th inst. Kobler and the other German, his servant, started from their lodging house, each being provided with a gun, saying they intended to "go a gunning," and they have not since returned. A trunk they left behind having been examined, it was found to contain a tin box, such as are frequently carried by pedlers of jewellery, a sack, a few strops, a shirt, very bloody—*all recognized as having once belonged to the unfortunate Zellerbach!*

There is now little doubt as to the identity of the individual who committed the murder; and the only doubt in the matter is as to his present whereabouts.

The rewards now offered for his apprehension, we understand, amount, in the aggregate, to $1050—$250 by the Mayor of Lancaster, $500 by the Governor, and $250 by his friends in this city.

Kobler, the suspected person is a stout man, five feet nine or ten inches high, stooped shoulders, dark complexion, full face, wears small rings in his ears, wore a brown frock coat and striped pantaloons. His servant calls himself Lewis Willman, and is a man five feet five inches in high, has light hair and light complexion.—*Ledger.*

Beavers, foxes, wild turkeys, and girls are scarce in Ohio, and rather difficult to catch.

Pennsylvania Le

HOUSE.—Messrs. G. R. Smith, C. [illegible] wan, Ryan, Carpenter, Pray, Britton, [illegible] ster, and Crispin, presented memorials for [illegible] against any alteration in the assessment law; and against the license law; against an [illegible] lock at Black's Eddy; against the division [illegible] Spring Garden; against changes of the law [illegible] relative to parsonages; for changing the [illegible] of electing the Commissioners of the North [illegible] Liberties.

The bill making appropriations for the [illegible] works was again taken up, and amended so [illegible] to reduce the appropriations as follows:—[illegible] North Branch division to $500,000; Susquehanna line, to $150,000; Erie Extension, $600,000; Wiconisco Feeder, to $100,000.

Afternoon Session.—The supplementary [illegible] from the Senate, in relation to the location of [illegible] Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad through [illegible] district of Kensington, was upon the motion [illegible] Mr. Brittain referred to the members from [illegible] city and county. The appropriation bill was [illegible] again taken up, and the appropriation for [illegible] construction of a continuous railroad from Chambersburg to Pittsburgh was amended, giving [illegible] that work, $150,000—and agreed to, yeas [illegible] nays 25. When the House adjourned.

March 29.

SENATE.—Mr. Fraley (city) occupied the whole of the morning in a speech upon the bill for the payment of the troops.

In the afternoon, there was nothing done of any importance.

March 30.

HOUSE.—Mr. Brindlead offered a preamble [illegible] setting forth that the State Geologist had made deposites of specimens of ore, fossils, [illegible] as provided for by law; and a resolution relating the subject to the Judiciary Committee, to consider the propriety of repealing the law providing for the survey, or commencing it as to secure a compliance with all its provisions, which was laid on the table. Mr. Helfenstein, the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill vesting in the United States jurisdiction over parcels of land in the townships of Oxford and Passyunk, in the county of Philadelphia. Mr. Helfenstein, from Select Committee, reported a bill incorporating the Delaware and Schuylkill Railroad Company. The bill incorporating the Bald Eagle Railroad and Mining Company passed third reading.

Afternoon Session.—The whole of the afternoon was consumed in the consideration of the subject of the refusal of Il. Beatty to testify before the committee, in the case of Mr. Montgomery, charged as the author of an offensive article, published in the Pennsylvania Correspondent. The result was the passage of a resolution to bring said Beatty before the bar of the House to answer for a contempt, and that the Speaker draw his warrant to that effect. The House then adjourned.

SENATE.—Mr. Strahan reported a bill for the suppression of select societies, bound together by unlawful oaths. A bill was passed to furnish each public library with a copy of the pamphlet laws and journals of the Legislature. A bill, supplementary to an act to incorporate and endow the Pennsylvania Institution for the instruction of the Blind, was passed. The bill for the payment of the troops was again taken up and Mr. Bell and Mr. Parsons addressed the Senate.

Afternoon Session.—The local appropriation bill was under consideration, and occupied the whole of the afternoon.

March 31.

SENATE.—In the Senate, Mr. Bell and Mr. Williams spoke upon the bill to pay the troops—nothing else was done.

HOUSE.—In the House, the appropriation bill was again taken up—the third section being under consideration. Mr. T. S. Smith's amendment to purchase the West Philadelphia Railroad for the purpose of avoiding the inclined plane on the river Schuylkill. Mr. Brittain moved to amend the amendment, so as to give the Canal Commissioners discretionary power to purchase any road. Not agreed to—yeas 15, nays 48.

The question upon Mr. Smith's amendment was taken, and negatived. Yeas 49, nays 45. Several other divisions were variously amended.

The afternoon session was wholly taken up in the consideration of the appropriation bill. The section authorizing the Governor to subscribe to the capital stock of the Danville and Pottsville Railroad Company the sum of thirty thousand dollars, was agreed to. A motion to reconsider the first section was agreed to. And being under consideration—as variously amended—when the House adjourned.

March 22.

HOUSE.—The first section of the general appropriation bill being again under consideration, it was amended, and on the motion to subscribe it for a third reading, it was decided in the negative by a majority of nine votes—the yeas 43, and nays 52. Thus has one week's labor been lost in a moment.

Afternoon Session.—The bill to incorporate a company to supply this borough with water, was lost.

SENATE.—Mr. Williams concluded his speech upon the bill to pay the troops. He was followed by Gen. Miller, and Mr. Parsons.

Afternoon Session.—The total appropriation bill was considered. A motion was made to amend it by adding a list of general appropriations nearly as large and diversified as that which was defeated in the House. Before the question was taken the Senate adjourned.

March 23.

HOUSE.—The House resolved to meet again this afternoon. Mr. Chandler, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill to increase the capital of the Philadelphia Loan Company, and for borrowing three millions of dollars of said institution. The joint resolution of yesterday, by Mr. Flenniken, to provide for the repairs of the canals and railroads, and to continue the improvement of the state—by which the following sums are specifically appropriated, to wit:

To avoid the Inclined Plane at Columbia,	[illegible]
For commencing Reservoirs on the Eastern and Western sides of the Allegheny Mountains,	100,000
For laying Trails on Columbia and Portage Railroads,	407,000
For purchasing new locomotives and Ropes for Columbia and Portage railroads,	144,000
For repairs required on the different lines of Canal and Railroads on the first day of February, 1839,	1,000,000
To pay debts due for Repairs, other than the Breach at Huntington,	300,000
For damages, pay for Canal Commissioners, pay of Engineers not connected with the extension,	60,000
The North Branch Division of Pennsylvania Canal,	600,000
To Erie Extension do. do.	500,000
To Susquehanna Division do. do.	75,000

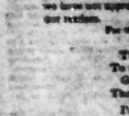
The subject being under consideration, on second

PHILADA. WHOLESALE PRICES-CURRENT.

Corrected for the Evening Post and Saturday Press.

MARCH 26, 1859.

ASHES per 100 pounds.
Pots ..... $5 50 a 6 00
Pearls ..... 5 [illegible]
BREADSTUFFS.
Flour, Penna. ..... 4 [illegible]
Yoling ..... 3 75 a [illegible]
White ..... [illegible]
BREAD per pound.
Crackers ..... 5 a [illegible]
Pilot ..... 4½ a 5
Fancy ..... 7 a [illegible]
CANDLES per pound.
Sperm ..... 28 a 30
Tallow, prime ..... 10 a [illegible]
Adamantine ..... 12 a 13
COAL per 2240 pounds.
Lehigh ..... $5 50 a [illegible]
Schuylkill ..... 5 00 a [illegible]
Scotch ..... [illegible]
Virginia ..... 5 00 a [illegible]
COFFEE per pound.
Rio ..... 10 a 12
Java ..... 18 a 20
Laguira ..... 11 a 12
Maracaibo ..... 11 a 12
Porto Rico ..... 11 a 12
St. Domingo ..... 10 a 11
Havana ..... 10 a 12
COTTON per pound.
Mobile ..... 12 a 13
Alb. and York ..... 10 a 11
F. C. & Co. ..... 10 a 11
N. C. & Va. ..... 10 a 11
Lower Ala. ..... 12 a 13
CRACKERS per pound.
Aster Queen ..... 6½ a [illegible]
Traveler ..... 4½ a 5
FISH per bbl.
March Mackl. ..... 14 00 a 14 25
No. 1, 2 ..... 10 00 a 11 00
No. 3, 3 00 a 3 25
Shad ..... [illegible]
Herring, half bbl. ..... [illegible]
Herring, bbl. ..... [illegible]
FLOUR AND MEAL.
Pa. & Penna. ..... 4 [illegible]
Western ..... 4 [illegible]
Brandywine ..... 4 75 a 5 00
Philadelphia ..... 5 00 a [illegible]
Rye Flour ..... 3 [illegible]
Corn Meal ..... 3 [illegible]
GRAIN per bushel.
Wheat, red ..... 1 [illegible]
Rye ..... 1 [illegible]
Corn, yellow ..... 1 [illegible]
Corn, white ..... 1 [illegible]
Oats ..... 4 [illegible]
HAY per ton.
Timothy ..... 25 a 27
Prime ..... 22 a 23
HEMP per ton.
Am. dom. rot. ..... 180 a 190
Russia ..... 190 a 200
Manila ..... 180 a 185
HIDES per pound.
Buenos Ayres ..... 22 a 23
Calcutta ..... 30 a 32
Ox ..... 12 a 13
HOPS per pound.
Pa. prime ..... 18 a 20
HORNS per 100.
Ox ..... 2 25 a 2 50
INDIGO per pound.
Bengal ..... 2 10 a 2 25
Madras ..... 1 90 a 2 00
Guatemala ..... 1 20 a 1 25
Manila ..... 1 10 a 1 25
IRON per ton.
Amer. Pig ..... 28 00 a 29 00
Sweden, Swedish ..... [illegible]
Russia ..... [illegible]
LEAD per pound.
English and Scotch
Pig ..... 4 50 a 4 60
Bar ..... 5 00 a 5 25
Rim of Sheet ..... 5 00 a 5 50
Shot ..... 6 50 a 7 00
LEATHER per pound.
Slaughter, Ph. ..... [illegible]
Slaughter, Ba. ..... [illegible]
Hemlock ..... [illegible]
Hemlock, Ba. ..... [illegible]
Upper, Ph. ..... [illegible]
Upper, Ba. ..... [illegible]
Calf, Ph. ..... [illegible]
Calf, Ba. ..... [illegible]
Sole ..... [illegible]
Skins, Ph. ..... [illegible]
Skins, Ba. ..... [illegible]
Hemlock Skins ..... [illegible]
LUMBER.
Pine, Del. ..... [illegible]
Pine, Ba. ..... [illegible]
Pine, Ph. ..... [illegible]
Cedar ..... [illegible]
Plank ..... [illegible]
Boards ..... [illegible]
Scantling ..... [illegible]
Shingles ..... [illegible]
Lath ..... [illegible]
Pickets ..... [illegible]
Joist ..... [illegible]
PLASTER PARIS, per ton.
Retail ..... [illegible]
On the Pots. ..... [illegible]
On the Ark. ..... [illegible]
RICE ..... 3 00 a 3 50 per hundred.
Rice ..... 4 62½ a 5 00
SALT, per bushel.
Turks Island ..... [illegible]
Cadiz ..... [illegible]
Liverpool ..... [illegible]
Liverpool, fine ..... [illegible]
Liverpool, sacks ..... [illegible]
St. Ubes ..... [illegible]
St. Martins ..... [illegible]
Turks Island ..... [illegible]
SALTPETRE per lb.
Crude ..... [illegible]
Refined ..... [illegible]
SEEDS per bushel.
Cloverseed ..... 4 50 a 4 62½
Flaxseed, rough ..... 1 [illegible]
Timothy ..... 2 25 a 2 [illegible]
SHOT, Phila. prices per pound.
Patent ..... [illegible]
Bar ..... [illegible]
SPICES, per pound.
Cassia ..... [illegible]
Cloves ..... [illegible]
Ginger, common ..... [illegible]
Ginger, assorted ..... [illegible]
Pepper ..... [illegible]
Pimento ..... [illegible]
STEEL, per pound.
German ..... [illegible]
English ..... [illegible]
SUGAR per pound.
Cuba ..... [illegible]
Porto Rico ..... [illegible]
Havana ..... [illegible]
Manila ..... [illegible]
Loaf ..... [illegible]
Lump ..... [illegible]
Refining ..... [illegible]
TALLOW per pound.
Prime City ..... [illegible]
Prime Country ..... [illegible]
TOBACCO, per lb.
Virginia ..... [illegible]
Ohio ..... [illegible]
Missouri ..... [illegible]
Havana ..... [illegible]
Manila ..... [illegible]
Cuba ..... [illegible]
Cigars ..... [illegible]
WHALEBONE per pound.
Crude ..... [illegible]
Refined ..... [illegible]
WHALE OIL per gallon.
Am. Liverpool ..... [illegible]
WOOL per pound.
Saxony ..... [illegible]
Prime ..... [illegible]
Mixed ..... [illegible]
Pulled ..... [illegible]
Texas ..... [illegible]
Chilean ..... [illegible]
Peruvian ..... [illegible]
Smyrna ..... [illegible]
Cape G. Hope ..... [illegible]
Cape Port ..... [illegible]
Sydney ..... [illegible]
Port Phillip ..... [illegible]
Van Diemen's L. ..... [illegible]
Cape Good Hope ..... [illegible]
Buenos Ayres ..... [illegible]
Peruvian ..... [illegible]
Chilean ..... [illegible]
Mexican ..... [illegible]
New Orleans ..... [illegible]
Porto Rico ..... [illegible]
Texas ..... [illegible]
Lama ..... [illegible]
Saxon, Leaf ..... [illegible]
Saxon, Fine ..... [illegible]
American ..... [illegible]
Foreign ..... [illegible]
WOOLLENS.
Cassimeres ..... [illegible]
Kentucky Jeans ..... [illegible]
Satinets ..... [illegible]
Flannels ..... [illegible]
Linseys ..... [illegible]
Negro Blankets ..... [illegible]
Negro Cottons ..... [illegible]
Tweeds ..... [illegible]
Satinets ..... [illegible]
Kentucky Jeans



Written in the Album of Miss Grace Greenwood.

The following stanzas, have been for some time mislaid, and as our correspondent may suppose that we have not appreciated the production, we give it to our readers.

For the Evening Post and Saturday Press.

TO MY SISTER.

Tune—Tender feet
To the journey long,
God bless my Sweet!
The heaven bow of amour.—

I'm Weary! Yes, Weary!
Downspirited soon will fall!
Then take—"Be cheery
Smith, brother, thou art ill."—

T. M. K. H.

The hot coals of abusive or ridicule, is that of an adroit who conceal from the public eyes of his own criticism, and heeded it "unpleasant attempt at wit."

THE TURN TO BLUSH.—"Blush not now," said a disappointed Indian to a young relative whom he met leaving from a bower of vine: "you should have blushed when you went in." The heart alone is only which chicken from the slightest consciousness of evil, and wants not to inquire, what will the world say?

"I, with you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a lady to a gentleman. "Why, girl, "he it remember the duration of my love to you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," said she, I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

Mrs. Polly Collins talk on Robert Knowles at Barnstable, for not fulfilling his promise to marry her. The girl of evidence then turned and then: "I asked Polly," said Robert, "if she would marry me, and she answered yes, but I did not tell her I would marry me." Text made it bad for Polly.

JUNIOR PETTER.—The Judge, during the war of the revolution, was Captain of a company of volunteers; and upon convening his muster roll one day to inspect parade, the latter asked him how many men he commanded. "Not one," said the Captain, "but I am commanded by sixty."

A MATERNAL UNCLE'S COMFORT.

"Sharp is spoiling his son; he'll repent it one day: No boy can do right who just has his own way."
"Sharp's a rogue, my dear sir, and his son I would rather
Should have his own way, than the way of his father."

THE MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCE.

Said Fry, "It is plain, she is breaking your heart" (When between man and wife mischief-making.)
"That's no odds," cried poor Slosh, with his hand to the part,
"'Tis my *head* she is constantly breaking."

IDLENESS OR FASHIONABLE LIFE.—Obliged to pay attention to every foolish thing uttered and to all the idle compliments paid, and always to keep my mind on the rack, that I may not fail to introduce in my turn my jest or my lie.—And this is called idleness! It is the labor of a galley slave.—*Rousseau.*

"LONG DRAWN OUT," BY STEAM.—A London paper says that "one pound of cotton, which formerly could only be spun into a thread of one hundred and eight yards long, by means of the application of steam, produce a thread of one hundred and sixty seven miles in length!"

THEODORE HOOK'S LAST!—"Really," said Theodore to the pendenous Lord*, when he had met him in Parliament Street, "I am very glad to shake hands with you—but,"—here Theodore appeared in an agony) "you ought to and put me in grief my own corns." The fact was, that the nobleman had trod with his whole weight upon Theodore's right foot, whereon was a formidable soft corn.

LEEING GOOD MORALS BY AN EARTHQUAKE.—An American ship lay in Talcahuana at the time the severe earthquakes were experienced there. Shortly after the earthquake, in another port, the captain thought it necessary to punish a man, but allowed that if the offender could advance any reason for his immoral conduct, he would be pardoned. "Why, sir," said Jack, "you see as how I think that that 'are earthquake shook my moral principles out o' 'em."—Such able reasoning had the desired effect, and Jack was forgiven.

LOVE OF NEWSPAPERS.—"Father, give me the New Orleans Bee." "Why the Bee, my son?" "Because it is the biggest paper in the world, and, as all to make bites."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The remark of Sir W. Curtis might be applied to many of the upper ten thousand who do nothing—that after all, the rich and the poor are alike equally *ill off.* The one can seldom find a dinner for an appetite, and the other can still seldomer find an appetite for a dinner.

SENSATIONS OF A BALLOON ASCENT.—Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them send down! Tom—Tom—I cannot have been descried. I speak from the evidence of my senses—not founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or *four* experimental trials of the power of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from me with safety to themselves, when they all went about thirty feet—then up they came again, and soon. There we set quietly all the while on our wicker basket-basket, utterly unconscious of motion, till at length Mr. Green, suspicion a little iron and then the grapnel rope by which the earth was suspended in—like Atropos cutting the connection between us with a pair of shears—down it went with every thing on it, and your humble servant, little likening of a town (your great metropolis, as your true lately call it, having been placed on castors for the occasion—I am satisfied of that)—was gently raised away beneath from us.—*Punch's Crutchets to the Air.*

SINGING IN THE EAR.—An Irish servant had going along a passage, and singing rather inharmoniously, was asked by his master to stop the horrid noise he was making. "I have not made any noise, sir," he replied. "Why you were singing, and a confounded noise it was." "On parole if I was the singing to my ears your honor heard!" This reminds us of the dialogue between two musicians of the guide kirk of Scotland. One complained that he had got a ringing in his head! "Dhye kess the reason o'that?" asked his worthy crony. "Na!" "I'll tell ye; it's because it's empty!" "And have ye never a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "Ye, never!" "And do ye kess the reason? It's because it's cracked!" was the retort; and the truth was not very far off.

BUNYAN.—The following is well authenticated of John Bunyan. While in Bedford jail, he was called upon by a Quaker, desirous of making a convert of him. "Friend John," said he, "I am come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched thoroughly all the prisons of England, I am glad I have thee at last." "If the Lord had sent you," returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here these twelve years."

A better story of hypochondria than even the "Turned Head" of the "London Physician," is that of a patient of a medical friend of the author, who imagined he had a tube of mutton hanging to his nose, and walking nearly double, to prevent the dangling joint from hitting his knees. The cure was simple. He was taken into a dark room, where a person was stationed with the reality, and on cutting off just the tip of his nose, the mutton was let fall on the floor. On opening the window shutters, the patient was convinced he had got rid of his load, and walked in an upright position ever afterward.

AN AMERICAN JUDGE.—There he sat, with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, looking as near as an europe human. "Bring up those culprits!" said he, and when they were brought up, he told them their rascality was scandalous and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners, that sat in the outer porch of darkness, and not for high minded intelligent Americans. "You are a disgrace,' said he, "to our great nation, and I hope I shall not hear the like of it again. If I do it's put you on your trial, as sure as you are born! I hope I may be stunned alive by wild cats if I don't."—*Sam Slick.*

LABOR.—It is to labor only, that man owes every thing possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of a savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

GOOD.—"I must go back, *I like hanged if I do,*" as the man said to Canada, you the rope broke, and he ran away with part of it about his neck.

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.

Among the foreign volunteers in the army of the revolution, the reader can but remember the name of Baron Steuben. After the treason of the traitor Arnold, the Baron was the chosen of the country any allusion to Gen. Gates, while serving as a regiment of light horse, he constantly heard the name which he so much admired. He commanded the person bearing it to fire from and even unbidden at the approach of a young and gallant rider of partly bearing, excitedly exclaimed, "Change your name brother soldier," said the Baron; "you are too responsible for the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, General?" said the soldier, "Any you please. Mine is at your service." A offer so honorable was thankfully accepted, and the name of Steuben was entered on the roll. The soldier whose name was thus changed, carried his new name until the day of his death, which occurred, last January. He died at Steuben, in this state, aged 95.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GRAVE OF GODFREY, THE INVENTOR OF THE QUADRANT.—It will be interesting to the friends of science, to learn that the resting place of Thomas Godfrey, the ingenious inventor of the Quadrant, have been removed from obliviion, and removed to the beautiful cemetery of Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia. Mr. Godfrey had been interred on the farm of his father, near Germantown; in the course of time, the family burial ground was crossed by a cart road, and the old Sycamore Monument of the father, bearing date 1705, was branched regularly by a cart wheel every time it passed, and was then much defaced. This emphatically exhibits the folly of inverting on forms, which must pass, in this country, after a few generations, into other families. Appreciating fully the discovery of Godfrey, and anxious to prevent the further desecration of the grave, the consulat of Philadelphia, John F. Watson, who resides in Germantown, has had the remains of Godfrey, of his father and mother, and of a small child, all disinterred with suitable care, and we are happy to add, that the managers of the Laurel Hill Cemetery have erected a suitable tomb over the remains. We feel sure that all those who visit the already celebrated spot, will not forget to visit the tomb of *Godfrey*, the inventor of the Quadrant, and of Charles Thomson, the first and long the Confidential Secretary of the Continental Congress, also to be found appropriately ornamented in the same cemetery. It is high time other attempts were made to perpetuate the memory of the great and good men of the Revolution.—*Saltimore's Journal.*

ORIGIN OF THE WASHINGTON NAME.—We learn from Mr. Sparks's new life of Washington, that *Hertburn* was the original name of the Washington family; that the latter name was probably assumed by William de Hertburn, between the years 1061 and 1074, and that the second name was held in the male line down to the year 1450, or one hundred and thirty years. During this period the name seems to have been usually written *Wessyngton*, though it is sometimes found *Wassington*. In its ancient origin it was probably written variously at different times, and by different branches of the family. At the Herald's College, in the "Visitation Book," (so Mr. Sparks called it) of Northamptonshire, mention and sketch, I found the autographs of *Allen Washington* and *Robert Washington*. These persons were uncles to John and Lawrence Washington, who emigrated to Virginia.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

As of all existing languages and literatures, the English is most replete with benefit to the human race, so it is overspreading the earth with a rapidity far exceeding any other. With a partial exception in Canada, English is the language of the continent of America, north of Mexico; and at the existing rate of increase there will be a hundred millions speaking English in the United States at the end of this century. In West India islands we have given our language to a population collected from various parts of Africa; and by this circumstance alone they have been brought many centuries nearer civilization than their countrymen in Africa. Perhaps may for ages grope about in the dark, destitute of any means of acquiring true religion and science. Their dialect is an uncouth perversion of English suited to the present crude state of their minds; but their literature will be the literature of England, and their language will gradually be conformed to the standard. More recently the English language has taken root in the continent of Africa itself, and is now spreading by means of it, in the extensive territory belonging to the Cape, out of a curious mixture of different races. But the scene of its greatest triumph will be in Asia. To the south a new continent is peopling with the English race; to the north, an ancient people, who have always taken the lead in the progress of religion and science in the East, have adopted the English language as their language of literature, by means of which they are becoming animated by a new spirit, and are entering at once upon the improved knowledge of Europe, the fruit of the labor and invention of succeeding ages. The English language, not many generations hence, will be spoken by millions in all the four quarters of the globe; and our learning, our morals, our principles of constitutional liberty, and our religion, embodied in the established literature, and diffused through the genius of the vernacular language, will spread far and wide among the nations.

THE PAWN BROKER.

Visiting the Pawn Broker's shop in Chatham street, for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstance drew off my attention.—

A middle aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl, and two or three other articles of female apparel.—The man was stout and sturdy, and he judged from his appearance, a mechanic—but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance, and his heavy stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for his own. The pawn was handed out examining the offered pledge, when a woman whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke long and intimate acquaintance with sorrow came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation, "Oh Robert!" darted rather than ran, to that part of the counter where the man was standing. Words were not wanted to explain her story—her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of plundering even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance, for obtaining of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered at the tippling house. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face—but it quickly passed away—the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently stirred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and instituted cravings.

"Go home," was his harsh and angry exclamation, "what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding? Go home and mind your own business."

"Oh Robert, dear Robert," answered the unhappy wife, "don't pawn my shawl. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Oh let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift; but I will let it go rather than see my children starve. Give me the money, and don't leave us to perish."

I watched the face of the pawn broker, to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress and had no sympathy to throw away. "Twelve shillings on these," he said, tossing them back to the drunkard, with a look of perfect indifference.

"Only twelve shillings!" murmured the heart broken wife, in a tone of despair. "Oh Robert don't let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try some where else."

Nonsense, answered the brute. "It is as much as they are worth, I suppose. Here Mr. Crimp give us the change."

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The woman reached forth her hand toward the silver, but the man sweat was anticipated by her husband. "There, Mary, he said giving her half a dollar, "there, go home now and don't make a fuss.—I'm going a little way up street, and perhaps I'll bring you something from market when I come home."

The hopeless look of the poor woman, as she meekly turned to the door, told plainly enough, how little she trusted to this ambiguous promise. They went on their way—she to her famishing children, and he to squander the dollar he had retained.—*Scenes from Real life.*

HEAVY BONDS.—Canning, when speaking of her national debt, said that England was bound to keep the peace in the sum of £900,000,000.

"Sal," said a tall raw boned Yankee to his sweet heart, "I hope to be goldbustifiedly cleaved up, if I don't love you so I want to eat you up."

The Americans are noted for their saturnine humor. A rigid faced old fellow, the other day, overhauled a man with a load of wood. "What do you ask for that handful of kindling stuff?" "Two dollars." "Two dollars! Ah! I see you mean to sell it. You don't mean to give it away."

"Shan't I see you home from single skul tonight, Jerusby?" "No, you shant do no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben." "Perps you didn't exactly understand what I said?" "Yes I did. You asked me if you might see me home." "Way, no! didn't—I only asked you how your morm was?"

A Western paper says there is one thing that has always amazingly puzzled it, and that is how any man can ever expect to escape the agus and fever, who neglects to pay the printer.

Biographical Sketches.

COLERIDGE.

Coleridge, by a strange error, has been usually regarded as belonging to the school of Wordsworth, partaking of the same peculiarities, and upholding the same doctrines. Instead, like Wordsworth, of seeking the sources of sublimity and of beauty in the ordinary feelings of the heart, he ranges through all history and science, investigating all that has really existed and all that has had foundation only in the strongest and wildest minds, combining, contrasting, decorating, and multiplying the rich produce of his research with marvellous fecundity and skill, now pondering fondly over some piece of exquisite loveliness, brought from a wilder and untrodden recess; now tracing out the hidden germs of the ultimate principles of human theories, and now calling fantastic spirits from the vasty deep, whom they have slept since the dawn of reason. The term, "myriad-minded," he has happily applied to Shakespeare, is truly descriptive of himself. He is not one, but Legion—"rich with the spoils of time," richer in his own glorious imagination and spiritive fantasy. There is nothing more wonderful than the fecundity of his intellect. Of nature he is master of imaginary, which sees in his poetry or prose, start up before as well-ordered and all perfect, like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths, by a winding track of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language.—

"The spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand wands
Builds itself up; on which the wise as powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministrations—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central one with ever-increasing orbits."

In various honors of versification, he has never been exceeded. Shakespeare, doubtless, has surpassed him in linked sweetness and exquisite continuity, and Milton in pure majesty and elevation of tone—but this is one species of verse only—and, taking all the varieties of rhythm, the swelling harmony of his blank verse, the sweet breathing of his gentler odes, and the sybil-like latter allegorals with the murmuring charm of his wizard spells, we doubt if even these great masters have so fully developed the music of the English tongue.

KING RENE AND THE TROUBADOUR.

Every reader of history knows that King Rene was fonder of music and poetry than of the arts of war and politics. In the early part of his reign, before he had become utterly helpless and contemptible by his neglect of affairs of state, his Majesty, whilst listening to the musical voice of his daughter Margaret, was informed by an officer of his court that a wandering minstrel desired to be heard in the royal presence, in order that he might exhibit his skill in the joyous science. King Rene, at all times too much interested in sons and music, rejoiced that another novelty would regale his ears with some romantic ditty of chivalry and love; he commanded that the wanderer should be welcomed, and his wants provided for, and that in the evening he should be permitted to exercise his skill in the presence of the Royal family and their guests. The King's commands were obeyed, and the stranger was hospitably attended to by the officers of the Royal household.

Evening came, and King Rene took his seat in his hall, with his daughter by his side: Margaret was not more than seventeen, yet her appearance exhibited more marks of thought than is common in females of that tender age. The fact was there was a dormant spirit of ambition in the lady which only wanted bringing out.—The infirmities of her father's court were too distasteful to her as her own indifference to his favorite pursuits was to the King. She would occasionally, to please the King, exhibit her own skill, which was by no means small, in his favorite pursuits; but she delighted more in listening to the histories of actual war and politics, than to the stories of wandering knights and faithful damsels, which were the joy of her father's heart. The minstrel entered the hall, and was brought to the footstool of the King. He was a fair-haired youth of twenty, with light blue eyes, and a mild expression of countenance. To King Rene's inquiries he answered that he was of England, that, attracted by the fame of his court, he had wandered from place to place, in the hope of obtaining the highest reward to which a minstrel could aspire—the approbation of King Rene.

The King bade him exhibit his skill in his profession, and promised favor and promotion if he proved worthy. The youthful wanderer obeyed, and sung one of those interminable ditties to an accompaniment which, if attempted, would not be listened to, but, at the time of which we speak, nothing was more common than for the lovers of music to listen with patience to a lay of eight hours!

King Rene was delighted with the youth's performance, and, for a wonder, his youthful daughter exhibited the same pleasure. The theme of his song was, that a youthful King, disdaining to be his own minister, but ever willing to be governed from his native kingdom, through various realms, to seek a wife such as his youthful fancy had pictured: how he had at length found a Princess combining the qualities of beauty, that his heart was captivated—how, in the capacity of minstrel, this wandering King had wooed and won the daughter of the King of France.

The English minstrel was from that high favor by King Rene: he remained for weeks at his castle, and, during that time, had gained favor in the eyes of Rene's household by his disinterestedness:—the King's pecuniary gifts to himself he distributed among his attendants.

One evening the King was seated in his hall, expecting the appearance of his favorite, but he appeared not! The King was in terror lest some harm had befallen the young Englishman. The castle was searched; at last a chamberlain returned in breathless haste, and communicated something to the King, who immediately arose and accompanied the chamberlain to the garden of the Palace. There, on a seat by the side of minstrel fast asleep; on a seat by his side was the Princess Margaret, anxiously watching him! King Rene was romantic, but not quite such a fool as to require that a daughter of his should love a wandering minstrel. He awoke the youth, and bitterly reproached his daughter with her unworthy attachment. The youth remained silent for awhile, at last he spoke, and, in the most dignified manner, expostulated, leaving the King in private. There was something so noble in the youth's manner that he complied.

Reader, the wandering minstrel was Henry of England! And the romance of their loves may account for the intensity of devotion with which the high-souled Margaret regarded her Royal and unfortunate husband, notwithstanding his weakness and follies.

The February Knickerbocker has an amusing melange, made up from a new and rare English work, seat the Editor by his London correspondent, in which we find the following laughable anecdote:

The reader will remember Goldsmith's account of a clerical dinner which he once attended in England, where he anticipated a rich intellectual banquet, from the attention and conversation of some fifteen or twenty country "lights of the church." Being ushered into the apartment, he was greatly surprised and scandalized, when, after a long pause, a prosaic clergyman broke the expressive silence which had mused their praise, by observing, that "a sow in his parish had recently had fifteen pigs at a litter!" We have always fancied that this scene was something of a caricature; but if such things as the following are seen "in the green tree," what may we not expect from "the dry?" Our author is at Cambridge, searching for a young clergyman, a fellow townsman of his. At length, says Mr. Gardiner:

"I found his rooms; the door was fast, but through the window, I discovered his cap and gown, lying on the floor. In the dusk of the evening I went again, and seeing a dancemaster pacing the dark cloisters of that monkish place, I gently stepped behind him, and asked if he could tell me where Mr. B——was? Starting from his reverie, he replied, "Yes Sir; he is crouching it in the next quadrangle!" "Pray, Sir, what is that?" I said. "Why, don't you know what coaching is? He is dining out, Sir, full one, and I will show you where he is." As I mounted the stairs I heard sounds of revelry. Surely, said I to myself, B—— cannot be here; the demure, sanctified B——? I had to pass through a dark room, and poked my way to the door, directed by bursts of laughter within. I rapped gently; a loud voice cried out, "Tumble in!" Opening the first door I found myself between two. There was no retreating; on tapping at the second, the invitation was repeated louder than before, with some addition. "Tumble in and show your ugly face!" I instantly found myself in the company of three fine fellows, who showed signs of having spent a glorious day. In the midst of my odd entanglement, a thundering voice shouted "Red or white, red or white?" stood amazed, still louder the demand was repeated, "Red or white, Sir?" I passed for a moment, and catching a portion of their *sanctified humor*, I steadily answered, "Red!" and sat me down. Not another word was spoken; fresh wine and clean glasses were brought; we drank round, and in silence I bowed to my new friends. After a short pause, I begged to congratulate my fortune in falling into such civilized company, as I had never dreamed of finishing the day so much to my mind. I told them I was wandering about in search of a townsman of mine, one B——, of Lincoln, whom I could not find, but had little to regret on that score, since my inquiries had brought me into the present party. Upon which one of my jovial friends got up and pointing to the floor, cried out, "There he lies! there he lies, Sir! The Rev. John B——, Bachelor of Arts, and like one of the profane!" There he lay; the saint like B——, dead as Banchus, under the table."

SORRY ON THE DOME OF ST. PETERS.

(Translated from *Alphonse de Lamartine's Dudeme d'Abraham.*) One must have nerves of steel to read without trembling, this account of Robert's perilous enterprise. Robert was an enthusiastic young painter, a pupil of the Fine Arts, and had come to Rome to study the frescoes.—*Ed. L. G.*

Robert was one day at St. Peters. The hour of divine service was past, and he was almost alone in the vast cathedral, when the sacristan, who was occupied only by the footsteps of a few aged sinners, Robert cast on all sides his look of ardent enthusiasm in search of new wonders. On a sudden, he saw a rope descend from the opening of the great cupola; a workman having approached, fastened to it a bucket of water, and it again ascended. The roof was out of repair, and some masons were at work upon it. This gave him the idea of ascending the cupola.

I was curious, said he, to examine as closely as possible the injury done to this colossus of modern architecture, which, standing up from the ruins of the ancient world, seems to try to the ruined monuments around it, I am eternal. Its pride seemed to me much lowered. That rope, that bucket, and that solitary workman, struck me as contemptible. He seemed the dwarf. On his arrival at the summit, he was struck with admiration and wonder at the magnificent prospect before him.

It was a splendid and living panorama, such as other country, covering nature with a bright and glorious veil of beautiful colors, which fixes over the buildings, trees, and land of Italy alone. He then looked more closely at the roof, and perceived a few workmen repairing some slight damage done to the roof of the dome. To obtain water with greater ease, they had placed across the opening of the cupola two long planks tied together with a rope which was thrown, which descended into the church. These planks might be two feet and a half in width, and as the apparatus was intended merely to support a bucket of water, no one thought whether it would or would not bear a greater weight.

Looking on these things with the eyes of a young man of twenty, with eyes that see danger only to brave and laugh at it, Robert began to think that it must be a singular sight to behold St. Peter's from top to bottom, the reverse of the manner in which every thing that has *base-and sound* is generally seen—namely, from bottom to top. This idea took such possession of his mind, that he must seek out satisfy it. Never once calculating whether the plank across this opening, which was three hundred feet from the ground, was strong enough to bear his weight, he placed one foot upon it, then the other, and behold him upon this dangerous bridge, without any possibility of turning back!

Went for the first time, he told one this story, the instinct of self preservation was so powerful, as it were between heaven and the hard marble floor upon which he might have been dashed to atoms, I was seized with a giddiness such as he might himself be expected to have felt when in the critical situation. We accompanied him closely, eager to catch every word he uttered, and following him step by step across this dangerous bridge.

"Gentlemen, I swear that I performed a third of my journey," said he "when eager to enjoy the spectacle I sought, I cast my eyes below! At the same instant, a hissing sound whizzed through my ears, my head became covered with a veil of darkness, succeeded by one of fire,—I was seized in short, with the most horrible vertigo. Fortunately I had presence of mind immediately to shut my eyes and stand still. I cannot express to you what I felt at this moment, when I heard voices close to my ears, uttering in whispers the most dreadful blasphemies! It was the workmen! I opened my eyes to continue my perilous journey, for I felt that if I remained a minute longer in this situation, I should die even without falling."

He was advancing with a firm step upon that narrow plank, when he felt the wood crack under him! He was in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body, so much greater than that of the water bucket, must necessarily break the bridge. Here, he continued, I must tell you—

"Ah!" said a lad, who heard the wood crack, "the plank is rotten!" The unhappy man will [—

He did not pronounce the word; for the hard workman placed his hand upon the lad's mouth.

When Robert reached the other side, and saw the plank, the abyss, and death behind him, he fell upon his knees, and poured forth his humble thanksgiving to Almighty God for his delivery from danger.

"Ah! my friends," said he to the workmen, with a smile of ineffable joy, and his eyes swimming in tears, "I am happy! I am!"

But instead of sharing his delight, the workmen seized and beat him furiously.

"Cursed Frenchman! rascal! scoundrel!" howled the chorus of masons, "villain, how you frightened us!"

DREAMS.

Dreams can be produced by whispering in the ears when a person is asleep. Out of the numerous curious and authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers. I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who visited Germany. The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the habit of amusing themselves at his expense, by whispering into his ear, some kind of a dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend, with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they persuaded him through the progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they fancied him a soldier of a lurker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, to give for his life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker, upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him asleep in his tent, much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who were down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when instantly he sprung from his bed, rushed out of his tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was that after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friends that he was sure he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar in its bearing is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student in the University of Edinburgh. A singular fact has often been observed in dreams which are excited by noise, namely that the same sound awakens the persons, and produces the dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time.—The following example of this has been reported to me. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried condemned to be shot, asked last carried out for execution. After the usual preparation, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had produced both the dream and awakened him. The same want of notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable, to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and after trying various experiments, he at least had a sentinel placed beside him with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not laid an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.

A SCENE IN COURT.—"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?" Upon what authority" said the other interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man bound to swear to a question afore he has time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put, and I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animals age?" "The best authority" responded the witness gruffly.—"Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must and will have it, why then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang throughout the court. The judge on the bench could, with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the tortoise said when he plunged into the water upon seeing a boy pick up a stone.

"Rents are enormous," as the lonter said when he looked at his breeches.

Farmers' Department.

MANURE AND ITS WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Writing not long since to a farmer who had recently turned farmer, he was advised, the last thing at night and the first in the morning, except his prayers—to spell KNURR backward. Accordingly he should be sure and placed backward for eating every thing—and, when, handling, hay, wet, bitter, sleepy, high spirit; not as he will be lost by a provident farming farmer, which may be interpreted into the phrase, "Do unto others as you would be done by." Yet he never forget that every farm, as the old woman said when she spit in the sea. On the structure of the barn-yard and the management of manure, we have not seen anything more plain, simple and sound, than the following from the Cultivator, one of the oldest and one of the cheapest papers in the world.

"If we make this preliminary remark, upon which other we have to refer to in a manner prescribed, viz: that all the manure from the stables, yard, and hog-pens, should be carried out in the spring for the corn and potato crops.

The objects to be obtained in the winter management of manure, are,

1. To prevent waste by leaching and drainage;

2. To prevent its becoming fire-fangued; and,

3. To prevent more than moderate, or important, fermentation.

1. Where cattle yards are upon a slope, or the current, or nearly upon a level surface, the liquid portions of the manure, which ought to be formed at a measure the combined food of plants, continually pass off, and are lost. Heavy rains, and the drip from the barns and sheds, also carry off a portion of the fertilizers, which should be kept in the manure, in its proper place, the yard, leach and deprive it of its finest and most fertilizing properties.

The remedies against this evil, consist, *first*, in giving a concave or dishing shape to the yard. The manure is carried from the stables being deposited upon the borders, which should be fifteen or twenty feet broad, with a slight inclination to the centre, a dry passage to the barn to secure and a sufficient space of the centre, to allow the stock upon which run at large. *Secondly*, the yard should be bedded, after it is cleaned, with peat or swamp earth, if the farm affords it, six to twelve inches deep; if this is not to be had, with any other porous waste matter, and after word should be kept well littered with straw, stalks, potato tops, and the coarse grass and weeds of the farm. The shape of the yard prevents the escape of the liquids, and the earth and litter absorb and become enriched by them. Even should the liquids of the yard be dried up, as they are in summer, the earth litter will yet retain the fertilizing matters which they held in solution. By these operations alone, the quantity of manure will be double what it is where they are neglected. *Thirdly*, in endeavoring to prevent an excess of water in the yard, by catching its waste in a cistern, and conducting it, when the weather is dry, to the barn-yard, or by constructing a reservoir, under ground, for the reception of the liquids that unavoidably flow from the yard, and particularly for the urine from the stables. In this latter case, a pump and hose will be needed to the fertilizing remarkest of a farm, and a material obtained, fitted for the immediate wants of a growing crop.

2. When dung is accumulated in large masses, either when thrown from the stables, or in the fields where it is to be applied, even if protected from the weather, a violent fermentation takes place, moisture is exhausted from the mass, and the dung becomes what is termed *fire-fangued*—dry, light and mouldy, and seriously impairs its value.

To avoid this, in the yard, spread the manure from the stable, occasionally over the yard. It thereby becomes blended with other matters, less disposed to fermenting, is trodden by the stock, and, when the yard is cleaned, is lighter in fermenting, and in a measure excluded. Under cover it should not be suffered to accumulate in excess, without the admixture of earthly matters, which would retard fermentation and preserve moisture. It is either convenient to draw it near to the field in the autumn, or winter, where it is to be used. If such manure has not undergone fermentation, it should never be laid in heaps in the field, but be spread in a layer of eight loads together, the surface should be smoothed off, and then covered, when the frost will permit, with six or eight inches of soil or earth. This prevents violent fermentation, and the gaseous and other matters which fermentation always sends off.

With the foregoing precautions, there is little danger of fermentation proceeding to a wasteful or improper length, before the manure is wanted for the corn or potato crops.

What farmer is there, who makes any pretensions to economy, who would not feel insulted to be told, that he carelessly wasted one-half of his food, and that, too, the best portion of it? Is what his farm produced for animal subsistence? Where is the matter of difference, whether he wastes the food of his family, of his animals, or of his crops? His crops feed both his family and his stock; and he who carelessly wastes, or others must ultimately suffer the penalty—for the earth, though a kind and prolific mother, cannot always give, when we withhold from her the manure we have carefully saved, and return to her *longer of use to us*, and she will require us with her richest blessings. Let us bear in mind, that every animal and vegetable substance, which we reject as of no bosom, she will faithfully elaborate into new organized matter for our pleasure and profit; but that if like the prodigal, we exhaust the parental treasure, it can no longer supply us with bread or meat. Too many wise precepts of the Bible are lost upon us, and we less drones who waste their patrimonial wealth; they waste that which would benefit both themselves and their children."

AMBITION.

They are commonly most ambitious of authority who least understand its duties, and could least endure its burdens. But when ambition prompts, the most self-indulgent assume the appearance of diligence, and the most haughty that of affability and condescension. And whilst men aspire to the pinacle of earthly grandeur, they for the time pay the most abject court to the meanest of their fellows. Such fawning sons of ambition are peculiar to no age or nation; but let every wise and honest man shun them as a pestilence. They make their way by openly or obliquely tracducing the characters or censuring the measures of others, and yet the wisdom or perfection of an angel would be no security against their malignant insinuations. As self love cannot but murmur at impartiality, and men are and ever have been, prone to flattery, these demagogues always have proper persons on whom to practice. By joining in their grounless complaints, they feed their discontent; by flattering their persons and approving their cause, they humor their pride, and by favorable terms (which cost and mean nothing) of what they would do if they were in power, they excite their sanguine hopes of greater felicity; and by a voluble tongue, an insinuating address, persuasive accomplishments, and consummate impudence, they steal the hearts of the people and prepare the way for popular tumults, insurrections and rebellion. For such is human nature, that the arts and attainments go much further in gaining the favor of the multitude, than wisdom and justice, truth and piety, or the most important and beneficial services. This is the old lacked, old way for men, destitute of conscience and honor, to wind themselves into important stations; and yet it is much practiced, and as little suspected as if it were quite a new discovery. The most ignorant and contemptible of mankind account promise himself the confidence of popular favor, or be cast down if he meet with treachery and ingratitude.—*Scott.*

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, bags that break through or closures, a dull razor, sinapisms, a dog, and—*subscriber that want pay for his paper*

THE TRUE POMADE DIVINE,

EXTENSIVELY used in Europe, never before introduced into America. It restores persons all CHANGING OF THE HANDS AND LIPS, from the psoric effects of *Cold Weather*. Well rubbing a little under hands and lips, as a preventive against the ill effects of cross FROSTED FEET and CORNS, SWELLING and BRUISES, occasioned by falls or otherwise, and to prevent the nasty bad consequences of such accidents. If a little be well rubbed in on a BRUISE or PINCH it will prevent blackness. It also cures BURNS or SCALDS, if applied directly, alleviating pain and preventing blisters. It is useful for a FIRE STICK or SWELLING of the GLANDS, and will greatly relieve RHEUMATIC and GOUTY PAINS in any part. It immediately removes PIMPLES and other ERUPTIONS of exceedingly pushed for SORE BREASTS, mariners bring in its efficacy in this very trying case, where other applications have failed, has been well proved as can be attested by many. It gives a delicacy of texture and that natural healthful appearance in the skin, or other pigmentation of the kind has been known to produce. No invalids in the community are more inconvenience to which the Skin is liable, that those who have once proved its benefits will never willingly be without it. It will retain its virtues many years and in all climates, and is therefore very useful to those who go out, and to all travellers.

Prepared and sold by T. FENNER, 56 SOUTH SEVENTH street, three doors below Market street, Philadelphia, in glasses, with full directions for use, from 1 to 3 cents each. Observe, none are genuine without his signature on the label.

SILK AGENCY,

No. 200 Market Street.

THE subscriber has commenced an agency for the purchase and sale of the Silk Mulberry Trees, and all articles connected with the growing of the Silk.

MORUS MULTICAULIS TREES.

A few thousand Morus Multicaulis Trees and Cuttings, just received, of the growth of New Jersey for sale, at a great notice. Also, a few ounces of Silk Worm Egg. For sale by

CHARLES CAD